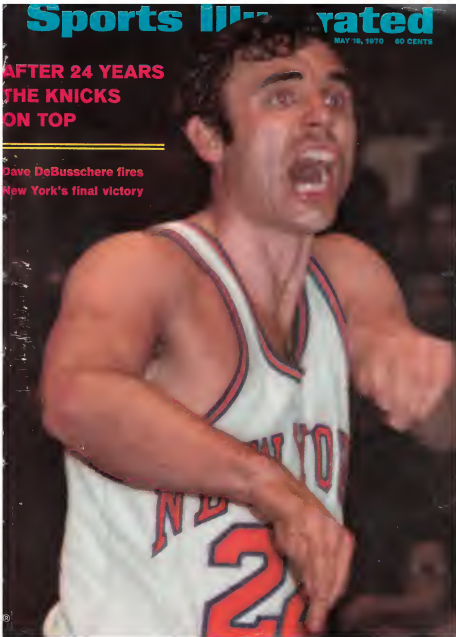


Sports Illustrated

MAY 18, 1970 60 CENTS

AFTER 24 YEARS THE KNICKS ON TOP

Dave DeBusschere fires
New York's final victory





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The New BFG Lifesaver Radials. Your life should be riding on them.

B.F. Goodrich

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IT'S WROOM TIME again at Indy as Mario Andretti et al rev up for a qualifying weekend that has come to be almost as heavily attended as the 500. A preview by Robert F. Jones.

KIP KEINO IS BACK and Marty Liquori is ready and waiting. Last winter the Kenyan blew Marty off the track. They hook up again in the Martin Luther King Games.

FLYING FOR PLEASURE engrosses a big and growing cadre of Americans. It is the subject of a 12-page photo essay in color and a prose appreciation of their lively skies.

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TV TALK

Winded CBS struggled to the finish line with a Derby show not bred for distance

Outside of tennis at Wimbledon, and maybe the royal elephant hunt at Mysore, no sports event attracts more people for the wrong reasons than our own Kentucky Derby. Every track has its kibitzers, but Churchill Downs fairly bulges with them: itinerant snobs, four-masted dowagers and row upon row of colonel impersonators.

If the TV audience is of similar frivolous kidney, the CBS Derby show may be on to something. Never, I'll wager, has a 2:00^{PM} race been packed on such dense wadings of trivia—some of it mildly funny (spectators checking their boots at the gate or gallantly downing it on the spot), but most of it as aimless as a sunstruck major looking for the men's room.

Heywood Hale Broun's pre-race interviews followed no discernible plan: a facetious chat with a couple of fluttery lady owners who might have stumbled in from the kennel club for all they had to tell us, an in-depth with a chap from Notre Dame who took a full minute (by my sundial) to decide why he was there at all.

The attempts to build tension for the race were laughably artificial. Everyone seemed to be thrashing around feebly for something to say. Eddie Arcaro allowed that all the horses looked good, "otherwise they wouldn't be here"—a Chamber of Commerceism that he later contradicted with the only non-euphoric line of the day: "Faithom doesn't look like much of a horse."

Part of the trouble traces to the FCC, which in a paroxysm of Nice Nellyism has decreed that no betting information must pass interstate lips. Try describing a poker game without mentioning money, and you'll see the difficulty. But the other part comes from dear old network dither, the What-Do-Those-People-Want? syndrome. Do viewers prefer hard racing information or do they just want to be told what a historic occasion it is, by people who don't know one end of a horse from the other? Do they want an announcer who calls the whole field and rips off your eardrum in the process or do they want one who calls the front-runners in a rational voice and pretty well leaves it at that?

The news point of the day—that a long shot had won a classic—was all but stifled by the ban on betting talk. In FCC Cuckoo-land the horses race for the fun of it and because they're wild about floral wreaths. Nice were we told whether the time of the race was good or bad. (A bad time would certainly mar a historic occasion.) In short, like most everything else on network television, the Derby show was a general-interest program with just enough ersatz trade talk to gull the gullible.

—WILFRED SHIELD

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BRUNDAGE ON MT. OLYMPUS

Just as the Olympic Games always open with the torch ceremonies, so do the full-dress meetings of the International Olympic Committee begin with a colorful note of tradition: a thundering, Olympian warning from IOC President Avery Brundage that the amateur sports world had better shape up before it is too late. Last week the IOC met in Amsterdam and, right on schedule, Brundage issued his ceremonial call to arms.

The old man aimed his stern warnings at the entire Olympic movement, but he concentrated his fiercest blasts on the Winter Games in general and Alpine skiing in particular. Commercialism has grown so blatant, Brundage said, recalling Grenoble, that "when I declared to a national director of skiing that half of the contestants were being paid in one way or another, he replied: 'Sorry, Mr. Brundage, you are wrong. All are being paid.'" Brundage went on to cite proof—there is plenty to cite—and concluded, "This poison cancer must be eliminated without waiting. Alpine skiing has nothing to do with the Olympic Games."

One cannot help but admire—or at least respect—the 82-year-old Brundage, the last genuine symbol of cantankerous integrity, for saying what he did, but *kill* Alpine racing? Stop the Winter Games of most of the glamour? In effect, destroy the Winter Games? It is hard to believe that the full IOC will perform such drastic surgery.

Brundage is correct in recognizing the spreading commercial influence in sport. But the Olympic movement over the years has gone along with much of the commercialism (huge stadiums, high ticket prices, rich TV contracts), and Brundage is wrong in thinking that excising a few events now (he also wants to eliminate ice hockey and—in the Summer Games—soccer and basketball) will bring the Olympics back to the golden days of pure amateurism. The IOC can no longer impose one rigid concept of

athletic morality upon nations whose ideas differ basically on what is and what is not moral. The IOC has known this for years and has chosen to look the other way, as long as no one socked the host too obviously.

If the Winter Olympics are to continue and stay in tune with the times open competition in Alpine skiing will have to be the answer, with no distinction made between amateurs and professionals. If nothing else, it may bring back honesty, and in the end the results will be the same: the best skier will have won.

Q-JAI ALAI-Q

Jai alai, the Basque sport so popular in Florida and Latin America, may be coming to Ohio. Legislation has been pushed to legalize the sport, complete with professional competitors and pari-mutuel betting. So far the only proposed sites are Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo. That last has the old Spanish ring, but State Senator Max H. Dennis thinks his district is a far more likely area, including as it does the towns of Monterey, Vera Cruz, Buena Vista and Cuba.

SITUATION IMPOSSIBLE

Nitpickers have discovered a lovely flaw in the playoff system designed for the expanded National Football League. Under the new setup, four teams would advance to the playoffs: the winners of each of the three divisions and the second-place team with the best win-loss record. Seems perfectly reasonable. The league has also said that if any of the divisions ends in a tie with co-champions, both those teams would go into the playoffs, regardless of how good a record a second-place team in one of the other divisions has. But, say the theorists, suppose, for example, that going into the final weekend of the season Oakland is 10-3 in the Western Division with Kansas City second at 8-5; Cleveland is 12-1 in the Central Division with Cincinnati

10-3, and Boston leads the Eastern Division at 8-5 with New York and Baltimore tied for second at 7-6. New York plays Baltimore that final weekend, and Boston faces Cincinnati. Unless they tie, either New York or Baltimore will end up 8-6. So will Boston if it loses. Cincinnati has the best second-place record—and apparently a lock on a playoff berth—but if it beats Boston the Patriots go into a tie for the Eastern title and Cincy is eliminated from consideration. However, if the Bengals lose to Boston the Patriots would win the Eastern championship outright and Cincinnati would be in the playoffs.

In brief, Cincinnati would *have* to lose to get into the playoffs. The situation is farfetched, of course, but so were the Mets, so were the Jets, so were the Chiefs.

RED RIDER

Texas Tech has a tradition of having a masked rider, resplendent in black hat and flowing red and black cape, gallop around the stadium after each touchdown on Charcoal Cody, the school's black gelding mascot. However, because more and more of Tech's opponents are using artificial turf in their stadiums, Charcoal Cody and the masked rider were stymied several times last year. Not



only was the horse unable to graze on the plastic grass, he wasn't even allowed to gallop on it, for fear that his hooves might damage the expensive surface.

This year Texas Tech itself is installing AstroTurf and some loyal Raider fans felt that the old tradition was about

continued

To Willis Reed and Jerry West. The 1970 Avis Awards. For trying harder.

A blue-ribbon panel of sportswriters chose Willis Reed of the Knicks and Jerry West of the Lakers most valuable players in the NBA Championship playoffs.

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Congratulations, Mr. Reed and Mr. West. Your cars are waiting.

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to become one more victim of relentless progress. Ah, not so, not so. True, the AstroTurf covering the football field is not built to withstand galloping hooves, but a special 14-foot-wide strip of heavy-duty Tartan Turf, painted Red Raider red, will be installed around the field, thus giving old Charcoal a range to ride on. The strip costs \$45,000, which seems a lot for a bride path, but the official explanation is that the Tartan Turf will provide a jogging path for students and faculty. What fitness-minded person could object to that? And if a horse wants to jog, too, especially after a touch-down, why that'll be just fine.

AGE CANNOT WITHER THEM

Yuri Karyakov, a Soviet sports expert, has suggested that middle-aged athletes (those 45 and up) compete internationally. He suggests sports like cycling, track and field, swimming, rowing and speed skating, where endurance (which the middle-aged seem to have in abundance, if little else) is so helpful. He would skip sports like boxing, wrestling, diving, gymnastics and ski jumping, in which intense exertion and a high degree of coordination are required. To get his idea off the ground Karyakov suggests that the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet this summer (to be held in Leningrad in July) include distance runs of 1,500, 3,000 and 5,000 meters for the gray and the bald.

HONEYMOON BRIDGE

None of this will be of much news to bridge players, but it might be of value to those of you who are thinking of taking up that insidious game. Dr. Marvin Reznikoff, bridge fan and psychologist, says in *Psychology Today* that bridge is an opportunity for women "to get even" with their mates. He observes, "When her helpmate is guilty of a lapse that costs them their contract she can pounce, pointing out his stupidity with pungent candor." He adds that many bridge terms commonly used have obvious sexual connotations, citing such expressions as "squeeze," "vulnerability" and "going to bed with my king," as well as double entendres: "lay down, let's see what you've got" and "I'm trying to cover my honors."

Reznikoff declares, "Bridge is notorious for bringing out deep marital rivalries and hostilities, and it is not unusual for married couples to stop speak-

ing to each other after a heated bridge game." He tells of a couple who were shouting at each other in a hotel elevator after such a game. A bemused fellow passenger on the elevator asked if they were married, and the woman snapped, "Of course we're married. Do you think I'd live in sin with an idiot like that?"

AND NO APOSTRAPH

Add another superb item to baseball's rich compendium of statistics. Don Zimmer, manager of the Indianapolis Indians in 1968, took his ball club into Portland and was rained out four straight days. Zimmer never got back to Portland again until a week or so ago, when he led his new club, the Salt Lake City Padres, into the Oregon city. This time it rained for three days before it cleared, leading Zimmer to declare "a new record: most consecutive rainouts, manager of two clubs, one city."

SHADES OF OSCAR AND LEW

Alderman Clarence M. Miller recently asked the Milwaukee Common Council to approve an ordinance that would provide a \$500 fine or 90 days in jail for anyone caught shooting baskets at an outdoor hoop on a garage, an outlandish proposal in a city that has obtained Lew Alcindor and Oscar Robertson in successive years. Reaction was loud and adverse, and Miller hastily explained that an outright ban was not really what he had in mind. He said that people had complained to the police about garage-hoop basketball going on at all hours of the night and had been given conflicting opinions of what the law was—play had to end at 10 p.m. or midnight or could go on till dawn. He was only trying to raise a storm in order to get a clear-cut ruling, he said, and added, "I've got thousands of basketball hoops in my ward, and I'm sure the other aldermen have, too. My intent was only to resolve this once and for all."

COST PLUS

Washington Senator fans are complaining, with some justification, about the cost of tickets to Robert F. Kennedy Stadium (most expensive in the American League, with a \$6 top for mezzanine boxes, \$3.50 for reserved seats and \$2.25 for general admission), but the Senators' ticket gouge is still mild compared to a practice that is becoming popular in col-

lege football. Florida State, for specific instance, has a \$7 top on tickets to home games at Campbell Stadium, but if you hope to get a seat between the 45-yard lines, you first have to make a \$40 contribution to the athletic scholarship fund—on top of the season-ticket price. Seats between the 35 and 45 require a \$20 "contribution," but the minimum accepted order is two seats—or \$40 for the fund. Of course, you do get more than just the seats. You also are granted membership in Seminole Boosters Inc., which in turn gives you a desirable parking space hard by the stadium. If you are lucky enough to get the tickets in the first place.

Florida State's president, Dr. Stanley Marshall, explains, "Today's competition and rising costs demand greater financial support for athletics than is currently generated through gate receipts." The school's athletic budget has almost tripled in a decade, from \$625,000 in 1960 to \$1.8 million in 1970. And the Seminoles don't even have Ted Williams, let alone Frank Howard.

THEY SAID IT

• A. N. Jergens, business manager of the Church of the Redeemer in Cincinnati, when the Sunday collection the morning after the Kentucky Derby yielded three winning pari-mutuel tickets on Dust Commander: "That was one of the best Sunday offerings we've had in some time."

• Lance Rentzel, Dallas Cowboys flanker, on problems confronting the country: "Too many politicians stay in office. Instead of doing what is right, they want to do what will keep them in office. Naturally I believe in athletics in college, but I believe the basic purpose of universities is education. There doesn't seem to be much of that being dispensed these days."

• Bob Hackett, Columbia University football player, on why members of the football team drafted and signed a petition to support a students' war-protest strike: "It's an attempt to dispel President Nixon's image that athletes are all part of his famous 'silent majority.' I'm a moderate, I believe in the system, and I'm putting my faith in Congress, but I wouldn't mind helping a peace candidate this summer. I've never done anything like that before, but I think it's time for people to stop sitting on their rear."

END

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IN FOR TWO PLUS THE TITLE

On the Knicks this year the parts fitted together perfectly, and the smooth blend brought New York its first championship **by FRANK DEFORD**

Basketball is the game of the city in these times, for it is cramped and fast and vertical, and everyone is very close and vulnerable. By these measures it is appropriate, even symbolic, that New York is at last basketball champion of the world. On the day, last Friday, when the Knickerbockers finally won their first title since the NBA was started 24 years ago, mobs of workers roamed the streets pummeling long-haired students and unfortunate bystanders. It had been almost seven months since the Mets won their championship and, it was said, united New York in everlasting common cause. By last Friday, if there was a common cause left in town, it was the Knicks; after all, with Willis Reed hurt, there was no point spread and no one to bet against.

Jerry West stood that afternoon at the intersection of 32nd Street and Seventh Avenue, waiting for the light to change. Obviously, this stamped him as an out-of-towner. He squinted against the sun. It had gone from winter blizzards to summer since the playoffs began.

"Hey, West," a little guy said, spotting him. "Hey, West." Jerry turned to him and the man started chuckling. "You know what I almost done?" he said. "I seen you, and before I knew it I almost wished you good luck." He chuckled again, aghast that anyone in this frightened stockade town would

dare even think so benevolently. West nodded.

"Well, look, West," the little guy said. "Look at it this way. Suppose I was a guy from L.A., and I seen Reed, just like this. What would I say to him?"

"You would probably say, 'Good luck,'" West said, smiling, stepping off the curb. As he entered the Garden across the street, a jovial fellow in the crowd suggested to a neighbor, "Break his leg."

A bit later, at three minutes past 6, Willis Reed moved onto the court. It was the first time he had been there since eight minutes into the fifth game the previous Monday night. At that point, turning to drive down the lane for a layup, he had strained two muscles in his right thigh and fallen in distress. "Oh my God," cried Dave DeBusschere, his colleague under the boards. Down 25-15 at that point, the Knicks came back to win and go ahead 3-2 in the series. But the spell had been broken Wednesday night in Los Angeles when Reed could not play. He watched while Wilt Chamberlain muscled his way to 45 points and the Lakers won in a smooth rout. Reed was flown back to New York that night, with the Knicks' physician and

continued

All of Walt Frazier's 28 points were not this easy but the Knick final victory was.



trainer, so that he could return to rehabilitation work on his leg first thing in the morning.

Now, at 6:03 p.m. Friday, with Don May going after his rehounds, Reed began to move about the court, not gingerly but slowly, deliberately. He worked around his range, throwing up his quiet one-handers. It was apparent that he could at least try to play. Chamberlain could see that for himself, since he had come in and stood watching, dispassionately, from the side of the stands. "He shoots fouls better than me," Wilt observed to a friend. A few minutes later, Reed paused by his taller opponent. "I can't go to my right that well," he told Wilt. The big man laughed cynically, for, of course, Reed has never gone to his right very well.

Following his overwhelming performance in the previous game, when Reed was not in uniform, Chamberlain had gone out of his way to praise the league MVP. "Willis has played better basketball against me than any center I've ever faced in playoff competition," Wilt declared unequivocally. This appraisal served to diminish Bill Russell, who had previewed his retirement last summer

with some rather stout knocks at Chamberlain. Now Wilt was playing catchup.

Then, entirely on his own initiative, Wilt launched into a detailed and lengthy polemic, the essence of which was that his countrymen placed too much emphasis on winning and that, specifically, just reaching the NBA finals seemed to him to be the major achievement. What curious kind of punch could he be telegraphing? Some of his teammates fell to discussing it in the locker room before the final game. "You play the whole season to win, don't you?" asked one. "Isn't that what competition is all about?"

Reed returned to his locker room with the definite word every one of the Knicks expected—he would be on the court with them. "It's like getting your left arm sewed back on," Carmine Russell said. Reed's teammates rested about him. The Knicks are not a great team. They are a good team, a solid team, a fine team, a smart team, but there really hasn't been a great team in the NBA since the 76ers of 1966-67. However, Red Holzman's Knicks may be the most perfectly formed team ever. All the parts fit together, with very lit-

tle waste left over. "Everybody puts his in the pot. We're one big beef stew," Cazzie said, explaining it most succulently.

Bill Bradley, Russell's rival in college and now his rival for the same starting spot, sat across from him, so intense that chills swept over his body. "On every sports team there are conflicts," he was to say afterward. "Pro teams are made of conflicts. It is their nature; we are all competing. Why we succeed and why it is such a pleasure to be here is because, on the Knicks, our conflicts never turn to bitterness."

Then all the Knicks except Reed rushed out onto the floor to warm up. Reed stayed behind so that he could have his injections of carbocaine, a painkiller, and cortisone at the last possible instant. Across the way West had already been shot up, a needle in each hand. He had injured his left hand in the third game, his shooting hand in the first half of the fifth game, about the time Reed went down. "I don't even like to think about it," Coach Joe Mulvaney said. "A shooter getting needles in his shooting hand."

Reed took his injections in the thigh moments before the tip-off. The crowd was growing apprehensive over his ab-



With his team behind in the fifth game, Reed writhes on the floor after straining two muscles in his thigh—the low point of Knick fortunes.

sence. "When Willis comes out they're going to pull the roof down," Dave Stallworth said, warning up. Reed came out at 7:34, one official minute to spare, walking purposefully, without a limp. As he moved down the entranceway the fans on the other side of the court saw him first and began to cheer and then to rise, and after that the whole place stood, generating waves of applause. His teammates paused to watch Reed sink his first practice shot. The Garden erupted. And then there was a very special reaction. All the people in Madison Square Garden, as if on cue, began to smile.

A smile is the most personal thing you can offer in New York; it is rarely tendered unless money or a luncheon invitation is included in the bargain. Now, however, for this one moment, all these people could not help but smile, in unison, at the huge brave man before them who had come back to give them a title.

The national anthem followed. In the upper reaches of the Garden some of the young people would not rise, and other spectators at the game began, softly, tentatively, to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. On the court Bradley, the discreet Rhodes scholar, felt the chills again. He thought: "I cannot imagine any place else on earth that I would rather be at this moment than right here, about to play in the final game of the championship of the world."

Not so long ago, when the White House was not yet concerned with whether or not the President's press conferences might conflict with NBA playoffs, pro basketball was a limited domain. Friday night, movie stars and giants of industry sat in the Garden bating beach balls around during timeouts and screaming "offense." (Remember, as a child, when it was *de-fense*?) In Los Angeles the freeways had been at rush-hour peak since 3:45 Pacific time—thousands of businessmen had shut so that employees could get home by 4:35 to see the game. They were wise to hurry; it was all going to happen very fast.

On the Knicks' first play from scrimmage Reed jumps from the top of the key and the shot goes in. "He ain't hurt," Walt Frazier says to himself, behind his muttonchop grin. Soon, though, Reed is hobbling like Chester chasing vainly after Marshall Dillon. Willis is to hit



Having played on a leg recovering from surgery, Wilt walks off through a celebrating mob.

his second (and last) shot in another minute, but before that what he does at the other end of the court is even more significant. Wilt takes the ball at his spot to the left of the lane. He moves left. If he keeps going that way, can Reed stay with him? Can he shuffle fast enough or can he possibly cross over with that dragging, painful right leg? Willis stays with Wilt for a step. It is enough. Wilt goes no farther. He stops, fakes and throws the ball out. Thereafter, he goes almost exclusively sideways to the right, not driving in, just flipping his finger-rolls. Before Reed goes out with 3:05 left in the half, Wilt gets the ball 17 times in the pivot. He makes only two baskets in nine tries against the disabled Reed.

It is 64-37 when Reed departs, and for most of the way the Lakers, like the New Haven Railroad, are running about 12 minutes behind time. The Knicks have 69 at the half, the Lakers reach that in three quarters. (It was 113-99 at the end.) Frazier, with 23 points in the first half—36 for the game—is the star. He has been in something of an eclipse on offense lately but, shooting and making steals, it is not long before he knows he is "playing a dynamite game." But all the starters are playing so well that the

bench is hardly needed. Dick Barnett, a former Laker, is on, and so is Bradley, who suggested the 1-3-1 offense the team has depended on since its recovery midway through the fifth game.

DeBusschere (see cover), as always in the series, is the best all-purpose player on the floor. Leaving aside the emotional consideration due Reed, DeBusschere is the top overall performer, for he has done everything possible you could ask of a player. (It was he, peering over Chamberlain's shoulder, who guarded Wilt when the game and the series turned in the fifth game.) Tonight, in the last one, he goes outside and bombs fearlessly at first, then moves underneath to work more on the boards. On defense he removes gallant old Elgin Baylor as a factor in his eighth vain try in the finals. Bill Bridges of the Atlanta Hawks, in to see the last game, observes: "There's not one other guy in this league who gives the 100." DeBusschere does, every night, every game of the season at both ends of the court."

It is DeBusschere now, after the game, who, on a pretext, asks Reed to rise, and then grabs the captain in a firm embrace and kisses him for all he is worth.

END

WELCOME BACK, MISTER HOGAN

Despite a bad knee and an erratic putting stroke, golf's greatest living player returns to the tour after nearly three years. Is he serious about his game? Do they still play football at Notre Dame? **by WALTER BINGHAM**

He still limps, as he has ever since the accident that nearly killed him, but now his walk is slower and more painful to watch. On those rare occasions when he removes his familiar white golfing cap in public—when, for example, he is introduced to a lady—he reveals gray hair, and not much of it. His face is pudgy, and his waist is perhaps a 36, but better not ask him because he can still throw a look that could start a brush fire. And, in spite of his 57 years, he can still hit a golf ball. Can he ever!

It was a year ago that someone made the mistake of asking Ben Hogan if he would consider returning to tournament golf, if only on a semi-serious basis. The Hogan eyes flashed and he replied tartly: "Whenever I play golf, it's serious." Last week at the Champions Golf Club in Houston Ben Hogan played in his first tournament since the 1967 U.S. Open and proved that he was very serious indeed, shooting a 71-75-71-70—287, to finish tied for ninth, five strokes behind winner Gibby Gilbert. Not vintage Hogan, true, but during the four days of play he gave the galleries and the touring pros, many of whom hurried out to watch him after completing their own rounds, flashes of the brilliance other galleries had seen at Oakmont, Carnoustie and Merion.

Take, for example, the back nine Thursday. Hogan had managed a somewhat shaky 38 going out, and there was a nagging fear he might shoot another 38 or worse coming back. But on the second nine he hit only two slightly imperfect shots. His approach at 11 sailed into a trap on the right, but then the pin was over that way. He recouped by blasting out two feet from the cup. And his drive on 18 was far enough to the right of dead center—still on the fairway, mind you—that the bough of a tree blocked his path to the green. So

Hogan sent a low four-wood under the bough that ran right up on the green.

The rest of the back nine was perfect. He had makeable birdie putts on every hole. On 15 he hit his approach four feet from the cup and made the putt. The gallery, which in the absence of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, constituted most of the people on the course, applauded as in a tennis match. On 16, a par-3, Hogan hit his tee shot three feet from the pin, and when he made that putt for another birdie there were Palmer-like whoops from the crowd. He finished with two pars for a 33.

Hogan's front nine on Sunday was even more spectacular. Paired with Lee Trevino—two Texans, two Open champions, two guys with killer instincts—Hogan started par-par-birdie-birdie-birdie-par-birdie. Seven holes, four under par and suddenly Hogan was not only giving Trevino a lesson on how to win four U.S. Opens, he was in position to win this tournament. His tee shot on 8, a par-3, almost hit the pin but rolled to the back of the green and when Hogan three-putted, the magic was gone. But what a performance it had been.

In the almost three years since anyone saw him hit a golf ball, Ben Hogan spent most of his time working at his golf-ball factory in Fort Worth, with side trips to the hospital. In March 1968 his doctor, Robert Dunn, removed some calcium deposits from his left shoulder, the result of his automobile crash in 1949. Dunn was also hoping to operate on Hogan's delicate left knee but decided the risk of permanently crippling him was too great. It is the knee that causes the limp and has forced Hogan to adopt a new swing, so that he now hits the ball off his right side before the weight shifts to his left. For support of the knee he wears a white rubber brace under his pants leg, and at Houston he occasionally

stopped in the fairway and tugged at it to keep it from slipping. On the 6th hole of the first round, when he was one under par, he suddenly topped his drive about 120 yards off the tee. His next shot hooked low into the woods. He took a double-bogey 6 and later explained that he had teed the ball too low on the drive and that the ball was below his feet on the second. Maybe. Those who saw it lean to the belief that the knee gave way both times.

During his absence from the tour, Hogan played little golf—only about 10 times a year by his own count. But he did keep track of the Beards, Hills and Coody by watching the game on television—"Oh my, yes, all the time." This spring, however, he thought that perhaps his knee might be strong enough for 72 holes, and this, plus his endless desire, started him toward Champions.

Two weeks before the tournament, Hogan arrived in Houston for some intensive practice. When he was satisfied that the knee would hold up, he moved out to one of the cottages near the club, where his wife Valerie joined him. On the Saturday before the tournament began, he filed his entry blank. This was not a comeback, he said. No U.S. Open, no PGA, nothing like that. Just a tournament at Champions, a flat course and, if that goes well, another at his home club, Colonial, the following week.

Word of Hogan's entry caused the normally blasé pro golfers to react like sightseers on Hollywood and Vine. None of them were immune. Hogan was there waiting for them, and everywhere he went clusters of players stopped talking and gawked. Some did it shamelessly, others just happened to be looking

continued

Ben Hogan shows his old, granite determination on his way to a second-round 75.





around and, what do you know, there was Ben Hogan. On the practice putting green, Gene Littler and Lionel Hbert kept sneaking quick looks at Hogan as he putted. When Hogan sat in front of his locker, it was astonishing how many players had business in that area. There was a wide difference of opinion as to what to call him. Many of the players, and certainly all of the younger ones, called him "Sir" or "Mr. Hogan." A few called him Ben, and Johnny Pott compromised by calling him "Mr. Ben."

"You have to realize that to us this man is a god," said Bert Yancey. Hale Irwin saw Hogan's back line on Thursday and kept muttering, "A legend, a legend." Dale Douglass and Dick Lotz were watching when Hogan came out of the trap two feet from the flag. Douglass looked at Lotz and merely rolled his eyes. Al Balding, no youngster, finished his round, grabbed a golf cart and streaked out to join Hogan. Before play began, R. H. Sikes said, quite seriously, that he'd appreciate a shot-by-shot account of Hogan's first round. When he got it, he pored over it for 10 minutes.

Bob Dickson, another galleryite, was seeing Hogan for the first time ever. "I never even met him until we signed in together for the tournament," Dickson said. "I absolutely choked, like over a six-foot putt. I said, 'Mr. Hogan, I'm Bob Dickson and I'd love to play a practice round with you.' Of course, so had 150 other guys. He said he was booked, but maybe some other time."

Tom Weiskopf has managed to play seven rounds with him, three in practice, four in competition. "I was so terrified the first practice round I couldn't tee up the ball," says Weiskopf. "But I played O.K. and won \$20 from him. I have it framed at home."

Rod Funseth remembers playing a practice round with Hogan in 1956. "I'd taken a week off from the tour and gone fishing," says Funseth. "My right wrist was so stiff from casting I could hardly move it. I was about to tee off with Curtis Person when up comes Hogan and says, 'Hi, Curtis, how about a game?' It was terrifying."

Funseth also recalls playing a couple of groups ahead of Hogan several years ago at Champions, where a jam of players invariably develops at the tee of the 4th hole, which is a par 3. "We had to sit and wait," recalls Funseth, "and pretty soon here comes Hogan onto the tee. He never sits during a round, you know, so he walked around behind the tee markers and just stood there watching all of us hit. Don't think that didn't shake a few guys up."

Hogan would change into his golf spikes in the men's locker room last week, but that was as close as he came to mingling with the other players. "He's not a friendly man, that's all there is to it," said Dave Hill, who remembers caddy-ing for a man who was playing an exhibition with Hogan in 1953. "But if that's what makes him happy, he's entitled to it." Whereas the other players would warm up on the practice tee before playing, the standard procedure, Hogan and his caddy would drive a golf cart over to Jackrabbit, Champions' second 18-hole course. There Hogan would practice in solitude on one of the fairways. It is said that during the tournament at Colonial in Fort Worth, Hogan used to practice out on the back nine while the early players were on the front. That's illegal, but perhaps not for those who have won the U.S. Open, Masters and British Open in the same year.

Champions' officials were not overly anxious to have it known that Hogan was practicing at Jackrabbit. One morning the cart was late arriving, so Hogan stood by himself outside the locker rooms, while players went in and out, stealing cautious glances. Finally a man in a Champions' blue jacket drove up in a cart. He jumped out, Hogan and his caddy got in and off they went.

"Check that," said Dave Hill.

"Hogan going over to Jackrabbit?" a man asked blue jacket.

"I don't know where he is," was the reply.

"Well, I know you know where he is 'cause he just this second drove away," said the man.

"I just don't know about those things," said blue jacket.

It didn't take Hogan long to lash out at two things that have changed since he last played the tour—hair and dress. The minute he saw George Knudson, Hogan took him aside in the locker room and told him he should get a haircut.

"Now you can tell me to go to hell, George," Hogan was heard to say, but Knudson, as is his style, just stood there smiling coolly, as if remembering a funny story he'd heard somewhere. Asked later to comment on the youngsters, Hogan hammered away again: "Some of them seem off balance when they swing," he said. "Too much hair."

If hair upset him, the modish dress of the young players made him truly angry. After Friday's round he was sipping a beer when Tom Shaw strolled by wearing red, white and blue bell-bottoms. "Now look at that," said Hogan, his jaw tense. "These boys don't realize that the men who put up the money for these tournaments are distinguished and influential gentlemen. Sooner or later they're going to get sick of seeing players dressed that way. It's preposterous."

So wouldn't you know it? Luck of the draw, Ron Cerrudo's name comes up as one of Hogan's playing partners for the first two days. Long-haired (by golf's tight standards), bell-bottomed Ronnie Cerrudo, a swinger. "I'm going to dig out all my blacks and grays," said Cerrudo when he heard the news.

But Cerrudo found out that perhaps Hogan grows more than he bines. "He was great to me," said Ron. "He came over on the putting green and introduced himself, and that put me at ease."

Cerrudo also got something every young player on the tour would love to have—a two-day golf lesson. Not that Hogan ever commented on the young man's shots. All Cerrudo had to do was watch. Hogan, bud knee and all, still swings at a golf ball in a wonderfully fluid motion. It's a curious contrast—an old man, puffing away on his cigarette, limping up to the ball, then tossing the cigarette down and swinging like someone 30 years younger. And then having trouble bending down to pick up the cigarette.

Alas, the putting stroke is old and tired and nervous, although Hogan no longer freezes over the ball as he once did. His putting at Houston was surprisingly effective, but it still is very much the weakest part of his repertoire. It is a jerky, ugly stroke, out of harmony with the rest of his game. As someone at Champions pointed out, if Hogan could putt, the other pros might as well go home. But then no one is perfect, not even Ben Hogan. It is enough just to have seen him play.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELLEY A. LONG

Hogan raises an arm of appreciation and smiles amid the press of autograph-seekers. Earlier, he enjoys an exchange between Bob Goalby and long-haired Ron Cerrudo.

LOTS OF STUFF AND NO NONSENSE

It is all-out war when the Angels' talented Andy Messersmith steps on the mound. He will do almost anything to win, which explains why—while he lasts—he is being called one of the best in baseball **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Andy Messersmith, 24, throws a "hard curve" that hums like a fastball, surprises like a slider and hooks like a curve—that flares, like a flat rock thrown sudcarm, or like the cutting edge of a scimitar. And then he throws a hearty fastball that rises a little and sometimes moves in other directions; an overhand curve that proceeds dramatically from eye level to just above the dirt; and two different changeups, one of which edges away, like a screwball, from a left-handed batter. Taken all in all, that is what you call "stuff." It is the stuff that the Baltimore Orioles last winter wanted to discuss trading Frank Robinson and Tom Phoebus for, but the Angels said no. It is the stuff that a 20-minute movie is being made about, by Messersmith and Doug Barrymore, who was involved with Robert Redford in the early stages of the acclaimed ski movie *Downhill Racer*. But Messersmith almost lost it all several weeks ago, on camera, because having stuff is not enough for him; he is using the movie to fight a war that he insists on winning.

Several cameras, including a super-slow-motion one designed for studying ballistic missiles in flight, were focused on Messersmith and the ball during the Angels' game with Kansas City on April 19. He pitched eight innings worthy of John Wayne and Audie Murphy, and then he got wounded going beyond the call of pitching duty—strained his right shoulder sliding aerobically for an essential extra base, and since then Dr. Robert Kerlan had to coax that great stuff back with cortisone.

Kerlan said Messersmith would probably miss two or three starts, and the Angels were inclined to agree, but Messersmith said, "He doesn't know me very well." The moody right-hander has pitched right on through his supposed convalescent period, hurting more than usual and losing two while winning one. Now, after beating the Yankees last Sat-

urday night with a complete-game six-hitter aided by his own home run, single and expert sacrifice bunt, Messersmith is 4-3, healthy, averaging almost a strikeout an inning and about ready to establish himself as the best pitcher in the American League.

The movie should be enlightening; from the stands it is hard to appreciate why the hitters are fishing around for Messersmith's offerings prematurely or hacking at them belatedly or taking them bemusedly for strikes. The hitters themselves may prefer something with Yvette Mimieux. They are already inclined to agree with what Billy Martin and Mayo Smith both stated flatly last year: that Messersmith "has the best stuff in the league."

"Good stuff" is a curious term. The words suggest something gratifyingly material, whereas in baseball they describe that which, ideally, one cannot get hold of. Imagine that you are trying to bang a drum and Messersmith keeps moving it so that you just miss either the beat or the part of the skin that goes "booms" or the drum altogether. Last year, when Messersmith, with minimal help from the other Angels, won 16 and lost 11 in his first full big-league season, the league hit .190 against him. The next hardest-to-hit American League pitcher was Mike Cuellar at .204, and Denny McLain was down the list at .237. But such statistics are obscure, and Messersmith is acutely aware that the only thing that makes a pitcher substantial is his number of wins.

Barrymore says he chose Messersmith as the subject of the film because "he is the next Koufax." In terms of style, that is not strictly true. Lefty Phillips, currently manager of the Angels and formerly pitching coach of the Drysdale-Koufax Dodgers, points out that "Koufax had those big hands, those long fingers." He also had that big, powerful motion, whereby his stretching, pumping

body served his wonderfully lissome, though ultimately arthritic, arm. "This body," says Messersmith, sipping himself on the barrel chest, "is nothing to me. It's all in this arm." And he holds up a substantial appendage that indeed has a tucked-on look, compared with Koufax' more sinuous build. Messersmith's right hand, which Barrymore has been filming as it shifts gears on Messersmith's Road Runner (for fast, arty crosscutting from baseball-in-hand to shift-knob-in-hand and back), is not extremely large, and his fingers might even be called stubby. "I'm built stocky," says Messersmith. "I can't give it a big kick and wind up like Juan Marchal. I used to watch McLain a lot out there. He's compact. He keeps his arm in a tight circle when he throws." And Lefty Phillips extols Messersmith's "release point. By that I mean his body's not out ahead of his arm; there's no waste motion as he releases the ball. Andy's curveball doesn't come up there and hang, sizzzzzz, without coming through and, umf, breaking."

While offering this analysis, Phillips is working on a mouthful of Favorite chewing tobacco and employing his distinctive mode of speech, which suggests a man complaining about his lunch in the act of eating it. Still, he may be getting too dry and technical for the layman. And anyway, Messersmith can speak for himself.

Though strapping (6' 1", 200 pounds) and even something of a Paul Hornung golden boy in appearance, Messersmith is not a conventional athletic type. He is probably the only major-leaguer who ever rapped at some length with Mario Savio at Berkeley during the time Messersmith (who plans to finish up his degree in business this winter) was there on a baseball scholarship. "I wasn't particularly interested in the Free Speech Movement, because I had my hands full with playing baseball and trying to



study," he says. "But I went up to Mario and talked to him after a couple of speeches he made. He was a leader of the school, and I felt I ought to know what he had to say. He's an intelligent man. He saw what was wrong with the school, and he had the guts to speak out. Then people jumped on his back and said he was a radical. Maybe he

was, but he opened things up at Cal. Now you can go into the dean's office and feel like you can talk to the guy. Before, you'd go in there and—forget it, you knew you couldn't say anything to him."

Unlike many ballplayers who seem to be reluctant to overindulge in self-consciousness or to give themselves away,

Messersmith is anxious to describe his life on the mound. "That's why I'm excited about this film," he says. "I want it to show not just how to throw a curve and all that stuff, but 'Why do I pitch?' 'What's my thing?' 'What is it like?'"

"There are things I want to find out myself, I don't have any idea what my stuff looks like to the hitter—I've always wanted to be able to hit against me. The other day they put a belt camera on me and another on the hitter and we focused on his face to catch his expression as he follows the pitch and swings. I haven't seen the print but I hope it'll show what it's like out there."

"When I was growing up, a baseball player was something special; you looked at him with awe. And most people aren't fortunate enough physically to find out what it's like to play."

It could be that Messersmith is so interested in his pitching because he put it together for himself. He had always been a good, hard-throwing athlete during his school days in Long Beach and Anaheim, Calif., but it was only in college that he began to feel that he could play professionally. After making second-team All-America and turning down the Tigers when they wouldn't come up with a \$50,000 bonus, he signed with the Angels for \$30,000 in 1966. In 1968, after two mediocre years in the minors, he spent the spring in the Angels' training camp, but as then-Manager Bill Rigney recalled it later, "He showed us almost nothing. Honestly, I just didn't think he had the stuff to pitch in the majors. I never hesitated to send him down to the Seattle club. And I thought that might be the end of him."

But down there in the Pacific Coast League, Messersmith showed more promise and was encouraged by Manager Joe Adcock, who recommended that Rigney bring him back up in July.

By the end of 1968 Messersmith was in the regular starting rotation, but in 1969 he lost his first five decisions and moaned to roommate Tom Murphy, "Murf, I think I'm in the wrong profession." Marv Grissom (then the Angels' pitching coach, now with the Twins) convinced him that he was suitably employed and taught him a screwball, and Messersmith blossomed into the Angels' ace. He was 16 and 6 the rest of the way, finishing fourth in the league in

continued

ERAs with 2.52 and third in strikeouts with 211.

Messersmith's surfacing as a whole pitcher is reminiscent of his approach to his hobbies. Says his close friend Murphy: "He just took a car completely apart and then started figuring out how to put it back together." Messersmith has been as thorough about constructing a workable game of golf. In a recent tournament he shot 68.

In a contest conducted by the Angels' radio announcers, the winning fan nicknamed Messersmith "The Baron," a name that appeals more to the media than it does to Messersmith, but one which, with its connotation of a World War I German ace, seems unwittingly apt when tested against the movie's theme—the Baron's thing. As he says, "It's the emotional feeling—the highs and lows—that you don't get out of anything else. It's conflict, a war, a battle, a very complex feeling. I'd have a tough time in a regular job—I have so much in me that I want to put forth. Maybe I could do it in writing. But what I have found to do it in is pitching."

An outsider might think, then, that Messersmith is concerned with style, with expressing his sense of the fitness of things in the way he delivers the ball, with what exactly the Great

Seorer will write about how he played the game. But Messersmith says, "Winning is everything. Winning 7-5 is better than any way of losing. Actually, what I want to do is not to lose. It's like fighting a war—you're not fighting to kill, you're fighting to stay alive. I've lost, and I know how terrible it feels. There's no excuse for losing more than you can help. There couldn't be anything uglier than to be sitting around in your slippers when you're 40 and looking back and saying, 'Jeez, Messersmith, if you hadn't messed around you could've been good.'"

Winning means knowing the hitters' weaknesses, guessing what they are guessing, keeping them always off balance and maintaining "that little bit of fear in their minds when they know you may knock them down. But I'm not thinking about what's going on in the hitter's mind. I'm thinking about what's going on in my mind, about my concentration and my attitude toward myself. About how I will hate it if I lose, about never saying, 'Oh, screw it' and giving up when I get in trouble."

What we have here, then, is a pitcher whose be-all and end-all is winning, even if by a score of 7-5, on a team that was recently compared by a nightclub comedian to facial tissues: "They are soft

and absorbent, and they pop up one at a time." Granted, such derision is not entirely just, as the Angels have demonstrated this year by acquiring solid hitters in Alex Johnson and Ken McMillen and staying near the top of the Western Division. But the Angels are still not widely identified with winning or even contending. Unlike the other clubs in the first expansion crop—the Mets, Astros and Senators—the Angels began early to produce stars and to show promise, but the stars all more or less faded, and the team got lost in the vast desert reaches of the American League middle. Consequently, they have acquired an image of stagnation, which doesn't fit Messersmith.

"Andy sees himself as a pitcher like Tom Seaver," says Murphy. "Not that he would consciously emulate Seaver, but he wants to be that kind of winner, that kind of leader. And, let's face it, unless Andy wins we don't go anywhere."

The Angels and Messersmith went together fine in his first start this season, a 12-0 Opening Day four-hitter over the Brewers. Late that night he woke up in bed with a start and wrenched his arm. The resultant stiffness hampered him in his next two turns—a 6-3 win over the Royals and a surprising 8-2 loss to the Twins after a near-perfect five innings. Then came an incident that makes you understand why winning can be as important to a pitcher as it is to a politician.

"I go into every game," says Messersmith, "thinking about a no-hitter. I'm not hell-bent for one, but I'm thinking about it until the first hit." The first hit off him on the day the movie cameras were rolling was a Kansas City line drive that Shorsstop Jim Fregosi would have speared, except that he couldn't get around the umpire. The other hit was a limp little plop to right that Bill Voss lost in the sun. Aside from an intentional walk, Messersmith went to three batters on a hitter only once in eight innings, and he struck out eight men.

Later, Phillips told the press, "Ed Runge, who has umpired a lot of games, said that Messersmith's first five innings against Minnesota the other night were the best five innings he's ever seen a fellow pitch. The eight innings today must have been the best eight he ever saw, because they were even better. But it looked like the Man Upstairs didn't want us to win."

continued



Messersmith almost stretched winning to the breaking point in slide past second against K.C.

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The image features two golf clubs and a golf ball. On the left is a dark-colored golf club head with a red and white logo. To its right is a silver-colored golf club head. Both clubs have long, polished shafts. In the foreground, centered below the clubs, is a white golf ball with the text 'Haig Ultra' and the number '1' written on it in black.

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Possibly. In the homom of the eighth Messersmith took the Angels' offense into his own hands. "He helps himself a lot, and keeps himself in the game, by being a complete athlete," says Phillips. "He can punt, and I can trust him to get his bat on the ball on a hit and run." Leading off the eighth, Messersmith slapped an apparent single over the third baseman's head and then, going on his own initiative, stretched the hit into a double by sliding on his right side and arm, somehow flipping over and throwing himself beyond the second baseman's tagging range, reaching back with his left hand to grab the base as he went by—and finally shooting his right hand out to the bag when his momentum pulled the left off. He scored on a single by Fregosi, and that should have been the ball game for him, 1-0.

But when he went to the mound in the ninth he couldn't get the ball over. He had strained his shoulder at some point in the sensational slide and, after walking a man, he had to be relieved. The runner went to second on what was nearly a double-play ball, scored on an error and the game was tied 1-1. Eight magnificent innings and Messersmith was no longer the pitcher of record. Four starts into the season and only two wins. Messersmith threw a towel over his head, sagged and then got up from the bench and went to the clubhouse. At the close of one of those grandly prolonged anticlimaxes that only baseball can generate, the Angels lost it in the 13th on a hit batsman, a passed ball and like that.

Afterward Messersmith appeared at his locker, his shoulder bright pink from being iceed down, and a visitor could have heard a sanitary sock drop. To murmuring reporters he murmured back the only appropriate sentiment: "A tough one to lose."

Five days later his arm hurt too much to break off his hard curve, and he was hit hard and beaten by Frank Howard and the Senators. He flew to New York, where Dr. Kerlan was attending the Los Angeles Lakers during the NBA playoffs. Kerlan pronounced the tendon strain "curable." "Maybe the slide could have ruined my arm," said Messersmith, unrepentant, "but maybe it wins the game for us."

And that probably tells more about Andy Messersmith, pitcher, than any movie ever will.

END



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Speed roller skating, according to a director of the Roller Skating Foundation of America, begins and ends in oblivion, so what's in it for wealthy young Mike LayPort? **by SANDY TREADWELL**

GOING NOWHERE, ON WHEELS

Mike LayPort, who has the distinction of being the fastest roller skater in America, lives in a 22-room mansion off Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, with *(above, in descending order)* his father, Lee, a realtor who in the mid-'60s converted the old Mack Sennett studio into a roller rink known as the Palace Arena; his mother, Vivian; his brother, Patrick, a former senior men's four-mile-relay roller-skating champion who now manages the family gift shop; Patrick's wife, Carolyn, and their children, Kathleen and Pat; his wife Donna, an

artistic (or figure) roller skater; and Sam, a Labrador retriever.

The mansion was built by Mary Pickford in 1916, four years before she moved out to marry Douglas Fairbanks and built Pickfair. Lee LayPort picked up the estate for \$60,000 in 1957; developers, who are interested in its 52,000 square feet of property, have recently made LayPort offers in the neighborhood of \$520,000. "Which," says Mike, "would build an awful lot of roller-skating rinks."

Obviously, Mike LayPort is in no need

of money, which is a good thing; unlike ice skating, there isn't any in roller skating and, for that matter, no future and no acclaim, except from other speed roller skaters. What there is a lot of is hard work, and often when Mike LayPort is skating mile after mile at the Santa Ana (Calif.) Skate Ranch he wonders if life wouldn't make more sense if he were sitting in the LayPort solarium listening to the ornamental fountain play, drinking Bubble Up and watching the Dodgers on color TV.

Once, before the Santa Ana Freeway

cut through the orange groves and cornfields and before Disneyland and subdivisions filled the road with motorists, a rooster named Big Red strutted in front of the Skate Ranch. That was in more peaceful times, when the only other building around was Blower Brothers Mortuary, when the sky was still blue and when the murmur of roller skates on the barn's white maple floor carried faintly in the unpolluted air. Big Red never adjusted to the people who came to the ranch. He would watch their ankles moving toward him then, wings flailing, race them to the barn's entrance.

STAR-SPANGLED Mike LayPort, fastest U.S. roller skater, poses with family in old Mary Pickford mansion before leaving for practice.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERIDY & LONG

Mike LayPort, who first arrived at the Skate Ranch in 1963 at the age of 17, was quick to establish himself as the fastest speed roller skater in Big Red's territory. He was to become, six years later, the No. 1 speed skater in the U.S. and the most talented member of the first U.S. team to compete at a world speed-skating championship. But Big Red wasn't impressed. Even LayPort wasn't fast enough. "Every time I walked from my car to the barn that ornery old bird would come for me," he says. "He caught me twice and, Gawd, how he pecked at my legs." It is believed that Big Red was stolen one night in 1965 but, with his competition wanting and the world closing in, he probably just wandered south.

Today the roar of trucks along the freeway drowns out the rumble of roller skates. Barker Brothers Furniture store sits across from the barn, and Big Red's descendants huddle together, the yard now an asphalt parking lot. Inside the barn, though, little has changed. The chandeliers are made from wheels of wagons that once carted five-ton loads of sugar beets; milk cans are used as trash barrels, and parents help their children into skates and onto the floor, then settle down in tractor seats to listen to recorded organ music.

It is Sunday afternoon. Church is over, and the folks have driven from Glendora and Whittier and Gardena to bring their kids to the one-hour practice session at the Skate Ranch. Don Howe, who works for a La Habra Dodge dealer, stands at the lunch counter watching his 13-year-old son, Bruce, a national boys' relay champion, drift through the turns and work the short straightaways. "Speed skating is an activity which is helping my boy become a gentleman," Howe says.

Mike West works as a cable splicer's helper and lives with his Mexican wife and two pretty daughters in Azusa. His teen-age girls, Mickey and Sandy, are working laps along with Bruce Howe and 30 other skaters. Sandy, a senior at Azusa High, runs the 440 so well that her track coach asked her to give up roller skating and concentrate on making it to the Olympic Trials. Sandy refused, and last August, at the nationals in Little Rock, she became Intermediate Ladies' Division champion. Mickey, 16, displays even greater potential. "They're good kids," says West. "They have speed skating on their minds. They don't think about staying out late at night and getting picked up by the cops and taking marijuana. My girls have been offered pills, and they say, 'No, thank you.' Then they're called chicken 'cause they won't try them. When that happens Sandy always says, 'I'm a speed skater. You get on a pair of skates and we'll see who's chicken.'"

Mike LayPort leads the pack of skaters around the four pylons, ahead of Bruce Howe, the West sisters and the

continued





LAYPORT PRACTICES IN THE PARKING LOT OF FARMER'S LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING

rest. Unlike them, he skates with his arms behind his back. His huge legs do the work, pumping and crossing, propelling his 200 pounds. He has led the pack for 70 laps—five miles—and now skates off the floor, leaving the younger and slimmer skaters to complete the final mile. LayPort is gasping for breath, hands first propped against his hips, then on his knees. He is out of shape and 20 pounds overweight.

Soon he is back on the floor, practicing starts under the direction of Grady Merrell, coach of the Santa Ana Speed Club (known by rival California clubs as the Chicken Skaters in deference to Big Red's memory.) LayPort is hunched over the starting line, a ludicrous figure next to seven 150-pound skaters. When Merrell's whistle sounds he runs 14 steps on the rubber ice strips of his \$80 skates and then begins to stride on the pine-and-maple English-made wheels. Going into the first turn, he is in fourth place. Then he jumps to his left, maneuvers through openings and floats by a pylon into the lead. "Just look at that," Merrell says. "No one his size has a right to lead at the first turn, but he finds holes you

wouldn't think you could squeeze him through."

The practice is over, and LayPort takes off his skates and walks over to Mike West. "Still like your beer, Mike?" he asks, patting West's stomach. West grins. "Looks like the guy they call Ironman has turned into a marshmallow," he says. (LayPort has been known as Ironman since he won 10 of the 11 events he entered in the 1967 Southwest Pacific Coast Regionals.)

LayPort admits that "right now I can hang a stomach with the best beer drinker around." But beer isn't the reason for his excessive weight. Ever since a certain night 15 years ago he hasn't had a beer or smoked a cigarette. That night his father gathered 9-year-old Mike and his younger brothers, Patrick and Lee III, around him and said, "Boys, we're going to try something. Going to see if you like it." The LayPort children spent the evening drinking beer and whiskey and smoking cigarettes and cigars. "My large stomach comes from eating, not drinking," Mike says. "I dream my dreams in ice cream and soda pop. When I get ticked off at something I go to a

soda machine that sells Bubble Up." Once he drank six quarts in 10 minutes. LayPort has an equally unquenchable passion for ice cream, and it is not unusual for him to consume two gallons at a sitting.

He fondly remembers a dinner hour in April 1964 when he was in Mount Sinai Hospital in Santa Monica, recuperating from an operation that removed protective tissue from his legs; they had become so musclebound he had been confined to a wheelchair. He discovered a cartload of supper trays outside his room. When his nurse noticed that the trays had disappeared she summoned the hospital dietitian, who asked LayPort how many meals he had eaten.

"Seven, I think," he said.

When asked to describe the world speed skating championships, held last December in Mar del Plata, Argentina, LayPort begins by telling of the 75¢ steaks at the Light and Power Hotel, where teams representing the 12 participating countries stayed. "If you pushed down too hard on your knife you'd break the plate," he adds.

LayPort begins his heavy eating as soon as the nationals end. Last August, after seven days of skating the floor of Little Rock's T. H. Barton Coliseum in successful defense of his five-mile title and winning the senior men's championship as well, he went to a Big Boy, where he had two triple-decker cheeseburgers, a double order of French fries and onion rings, two large Cokes and a banana split.

LayPort pays for his appetite in April. When not going to lectures at Los Angeles Valley College or reading business and finance textbooks, he runs on the college track and skates at the Ranch. He works out on the track every morning, doing a 440, an 880 and a two-mile in half an hour, and three days a week concludes the practice session with a three-mile run. July, the month of the Southwest Pacific Coast Regionals, finds him in top condition, able to run two miles in 12 minutes. "When I think of what I have to do to get in shape, . . ." LayPort lets his voice trail off before adding, "Unless you really enjoy speed skating you want to hang it up."

The man who first glided across a floor on wheels didn't remain upright long enough to enjoy it. During the course of a visit to England in 1760, Jo-

continued

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seph Merlin, a French inventor, demonstrated a pair of skates he had put together in his musical-instrument shop. Merlin strapped the contraptions onto his feet and took off down the length of a ballroom. Unfortunately, the skates could only go straight ahead, and he crashed into a huge mirror at the far end of the room. Roller skating languished until 1819, when another Frenchman, a M. Petibbled, patented a skate with three copper wheels. But it wasn't until 1863, the year James Plympton of Massachusetts developed a skate permitting sideway rotation, thus allowing the skater to turn, that the sport became popular.

In 1880 roller skating was a favorite pastime of New York society. Skating was ideally suited to the poor, however, and it took the Depression years to transform it from a fad, an oddity, into a slice of Americana. The man most responsible was Victor J. Brown, who managed a Newark, N.J. dance arena. In 1934 Brown dreamed up a stunt to boost business—a nonstop, 21-day roller-skating race. After all, he reasoned, hadn't dance marathons proved immensely popular? Brown built a banked wooden track over the dance floor of his arena in Dreamland Park. Fifteen three-man teams entered the race, which started at 9 p.m. on Feb. 7. Spectators wandered in and out for a 50¢ admission price, or \$1 in the reserved section, and when they weren't at Dreamland they could follow the progress of the race in the *Newark Star-Eagle*. The paper carried daily box scores listing the leaders, dropouts and injuries. Personality sketches of the racers were also included. "Edward Mount decided to turn pro for the current grind in hopes of earning enough money to make a trip to Miami," one read. "Young Mount has been on the verge of quitting several times, but dreams of how nice and warm it will be in Miami drive the thought from his head. How nice the heat from the sun will feel on those tired feet."

Similar marathons were held throughout the country, and speed skating became a popular spectator sport. After the Depression these cruel spectacles were shortened and modified, the races lasting no longer than a ball game and featuring battles between villains and heroes. The result was the Roller Derby. The marathons, at the same time, pro-

moted the purer, more legitimate—though far less entertaining—sport of speed skating. Amateurs raced one another before a handful of friends at local rinks in near obscurity.

Irwin Rose is a director of the Roller Skating Foundation of America. For more than 20 years he has been fascinated by competitive skaters, and he has drawn several conclusions. "Speed skating is a race to nowhere," he says. "Why do guys like LayPort spend their lives in a sport that begins and ends in oblivion? What's the percentage? There's no recognition, no money, no future. They deserve the word amateur more than anyone else in sport. They're all smitten-pure because no one would give them 20¢ for an endorsement or to compete. To me this is a story of nuts."

Not surprisingly, there are only 5,000 speed roller skaters in the U.S. They pay \$5 for an annual membership card entitling them to compete in local meets; for senior men the events are the 440, 880, one-, two-, three- and five-mile races and an assortment of relays. Another \$8.50 allows a skater to take part in regional meets, and for an added \$12.50 he can enter the nationals. Then there is the expense of traveling to the meets and the cost of motel rooms and meals.

By contrast, the Italians (perennial winners of the world championships) skate at clubs sponsored by industry. Companies finance the travel and living expenses of their skaters even for local races. Speed skating is a favorite sport in cities of the south and north. Last year it gained complete acceptance as a national sport. One hundred top Italian skaters were given an audience with President Saragat and then got a special blessing from the Pope. But they sacrifice, nonetheless. "Speed skating requires dedication to training, diet and a quiet life when preparing for competition," says Ilio Lucchesi, coach of the national team. "The Italian skater's diet is boiled rice, grilled steaks and orange juice. No spaghetti, and giving that up is a true sacrifice for Italians."

Marisa Danesi is a tall, pretty blonde who lives in Brescia. She skates for the Pejo Club of that city, which is sponsored by Pejo, a mineral water. Signorana Danesi is the best female speed skater in the world, the winner of 12 international championships. "I love racing because I get a thrill from speed,"

continued



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she says. "I become very emotional and passionate when I race. It's part of my life. It's a vice, like smoking and making love. It gives me a nervous charge that I need to exist."

Marisa's counterpart, the finest men's speed skater, is Giuseppe Cantarella, a Sicilian accountant. He began skating at the age of 5 and was a member of the national team at 12. Cantarella has won six world titles in road and track racing, most recently in Argentina last December, when he skated the 500 and 1,000 meters on the banked, polished cement track in Mar del Plata's Sports Palace. Cantarella is more accomplished on skates than with words. He has roller-skated 20 of his 25 years because "it gives me a thrill to win, and I like the fresh air."

Mike LayPort also skated the 500 in the Sports Palace, finishing four seconds behind Cantarella and 17th in a field of 42. He and his three teammates were unaccustomed to racing on a banked track

and to the style of international competition—agonizingly slow strategic maneuvering and then a frantic sprint to the finish.

The U.S. will continue to compete in the World's, and most likely speed roller skating will be a demonstration sport—along with artistic roller skating and roller hockey—at the 1972 Olympics. If the Olympic Committee is impressed, LayPort may find himself vying for an Olympic medal in 1976.

Mike LayPort learned to roller-skate before he could walk. He was born pigeon-toed—in fact, his feet were so turned in that his toes faced each other—and a specialist suggested roller skates. When Mike was a year old his father built a tiny cage out of lead pipe and tied miniskates onto Mike's feet. While his parents took turns holding his hands on to the top bar of the cage, Mike tried to move forward on his skates. He became so accustomed to skates that he soon left the support provided by

the cage and glided around the house.

"As you can see, it's something I've done all my life," he says. "In fact, my entire life is built around skating—my schooling and even my marriage have been centered around it."

When Mike was 2, Lee LayPort took him to the family-owned Palace Arena. While Lees swept the stage on which Gene Autry, Tex Williams and Tex Ritter had performed at Saturday night dances during the war years, he watched Mike roll around the floor. Mike skated so many hours at the Palace that he often went to bed in tears, and he was so exhausted he had nightmares.

Mike spent virtually every weekend at the Palace until he was 13, when the rink closed down. Then Vivian LayPort began spending her weekends driving her sons to other rinks in the Los Angeles area. During the week Mike went through the process of getting educated. He learned to tap-dance at Hollywood Professional School, where he was one

continued

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GOING NOWHERE continued

of four in a class of 35 who were neither in television nor the movies.

Of all the movie stars who showed up at the school, the one Mike really longed to see was Mackey Rooney. Rooney had played the part of Johnny (Fireball) Casar, a Roller Derby hero of the '40s, in a film entitled *The Fireball*. It is still Mike's favorite movie, one that he has seen, thanks to television, 18 times.

Mike next went to John Burroughs Junior High School in Los Angeles, where he was the only Methodist in an overwhelmingly Jewish student body. At Los Angeles High School, he played strong-side tackle and was one of only 10 whites on the 50-man squad. After two years at Los Angeles Valley College, Mike dropped out and joined the Marines, which gave him a chance to skate at rinks in Hong Kong, Tokyo and Singapore. He also wandered through Thailand looking for a rink built by missionaries; he had seen its picture in a roller skating magazine. He found it at the end of a three-mile footpath, surrounded by the jungle. Unfortunately, he didn't have his skates with him.

The Sunday practice at the Skate Ranch over, Mike LayPort drives home. Sam, the Labrador, greets him at the door, holding what was once a basketball in his mouth. Mike's wife, Donna, is in the kitchen fixing dinner with his mother. They ask him how the practice went. LayPort goes to the refrigerator, takes a Bubble Up to the solarium and switches on the TV. There are trophies on the walls, medals won in races he was too young to remember and boxes of photographs from days at the Palace, the Bakersfield regionals and the 14 national meets he has skated in.

He is watching the Roller Derby on Channel 5—a match between the Detroit Devils and the Los Angeles T-Birds. "People ask me why I don't skate the Derby and make some money," he says. "Raspberries! You couldn't pay me \$20,000 to do that stuff. I'd get bounced around until I looked like Sam's basketball. When my legs go I'll probably play goalie on a roller-hockey team. But you know what I'd really like to do someday? I'd like to be a sportsaster—any sport, not just skating. The trouble is, my voice is too high. But if I had my adenoids removed..." Like Big Red, the rooster, the competition is waning and the world is closing in.

END



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

A black and white photograph showing a massive flock of birds, likely waterfowl, in flight over a body of water. The birds are densely packed, filling most of the frame with their dark silhouettes and lighter underbellies. The background shows a calm body of water and a distant shoreline under a pale sky.

A GREAT GABBLE OVER IOWA LAKES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEL HERSHORN

CONTINUED





With the first hint of spring in the bayous of Texas and Louisiana this year, the world's largest concentration of blue and snow geese took off on its annual migration. Southwest Iowa—an 800-mile hop along the Missouri River—was one of the first stops. Here there was plenty of food and water, and the birds rested, waiting for winter to recede farther north before flying another 1,800 miles to their nesting grounds on Baffin Island in the Arctic.

Many impatient geese reached Iowa a week or more ahead of their usual arrival. But winter had just been playing dead. Heavy snows blew down from the north, covering their grazing land, and for weeks the geese outflow the weather back and forth across the Iowa-Missouri border. Meanwhile, more geese kept flying out of the south, and as the storms abated many Iowans said there had never been more geese in the state at one time. And no place had more than shallow, 500-acre Forney Lake near Thurman (opposite and preceding pages).

Forney is a backwater slough near the Missouri River, formed years ago when the Big Mo changed its course. Ringed by marsh, it is a safe refuge for the geese, which require water anyway for proper digestion. Nearby are many thousand acres of prime cornfields where the geese feed on corn missed in the fall harvest and thereby help the farmers. Crops are rotated in these fields, and corn eaten by the geese will not sprout among the soybeans.

For days the birds swarmed in from the south, blue and snow geese together, the blues like ants half a mile high against the cottony clouds, and when the snows began descending thousands of feet to the water it was as though someone had emptied a planeload of white handbills that glided and dipped and glinted in the sun. Soon there was little water visible on the lake, and Iowa

conservation men estimated upwards of 500,000 geese were there. From even half a mile away the gabbling of 500 acres of geese sounded like a Yankee Stadium full of bickering old ladies.

Troops of Boy Scouts were on hand to earn something called the Brother Goose award. Watch the geese, camp out, and you've got it. One troop, however, was not appressed of the camping requirement and rented rooms at the Tall Corn Motel in nearby Shenandoah, Iowa. "O.K., so we'll tell 'em we slept in the tall corn," their leader said jokingly. The geese had an appreciative audience. Many families drove two and three hundred miles to Forney Lake, a migration as irresistible in its way as that of the geese themselves. "What makes me watch them each year?" one viewer said. "I don't know, you tell me." Perhaps the answer is southwest Iowa itself, a land of dry creekbeds and flat, treeless horizons, where the drama of great natural beauty is hardly common.

The first act each day occurred at dawn, breakfasttime for the geese. In the pink light one could see them getting restless, gabbling at each other, milling around like socialites at a gigantic cocktail party. Suddenly, as if the entire flock were directed by a single brain, they would begin peeling off the water until it seemed the sky could hold no more. Still they rose, thick, sardine-tight swarms, silhouetted against the sunrise. Some observers, present for their first migration, wondered why the cries sounded so familiar. One found the answer: those Saturday matinees long ago—with the Indians surrounding the covered wagons, their war whoops the same as the cries of hungry geese.

When the geese had gone to the cornfields, talk often turned to hunting. Last year the Iowa goose season ran from Oct. 4 to Dec. 12, and there has not been a spring season in more than 40 years. Iowa geese have little cause for fear in the spring, but even when resting on the water they seemed in a state of near hysteria. They gabbled constant-

ly, and one wondered what they could be saying. Something like "Be alert, there is danger all around," perhaps? Danger must have been the main topic of conversation because whenever the tempo and pitch of the chatter increased suddenly, huge clumps of geese left the water moments later. Airplanes seemed to be their biggest worry. Before a man could hear one, the geese would be off in a total frenzy.

The buzzing of airplane engines drove them wild, but there was no way they could escape it and no pattern to their attempts. Up and down the lake they stormed, tornadoes of life, hundreds of thousands of whirling, diving birds fleeing a tormentor that few of them ever even saw, first in perfect harmony, like a school of minnows, and then, suddenly, every goose for himself. High in the air the flocks would break apart, falling and fluttering—a salt-and-pepper blizzard of dark and light birds. This would happen—with varying degrees of shrill alarm—throughout the day; a plane would do it, but a car horn, a train whistle, even a barking dog was enough to set them off.

Gradually the weather improved, and the geese began stirring to different forces. More of them were flying in pairs now. They rose from the lake in tight packs looking like one of those glass balls that snow inside when they are shaken. Small flocks would leave suddenly and fly north, and people said that these were scouts, and that if they didn't return it meant that the weather was good farther north and the others would soon follow. One old man, who had watched the geese for years, knew this too, and one afternoon he left his plow and went to the lake to say goodbye. A little girl stood watching the geese, wide-eyed and silent. "Mommy, mommy," she finally said, "they look like stars." Her brother was equally impressed. "Boy," he said, "I wish I could fly like that." The old man just looked at them and smiled.

—DAN LEVIN

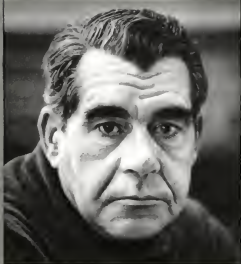
Troops of Boy Scouts camped out and then took stations in the marshes to watch the geese and earn their Brother Goose awards.

On the Maryland harness-horse farm he bought with his baseball earnings, Charlie Keller has, among other things, 100 pretty acres for his horses, a roomy red-brick farmhouse for his family and a canary-yellow 1970 Dodge out in the garage should he wish, heaven knows why, to go anywhere else. Despite the woebegone look he wears for all occasions, Keller admits he has few complaints coming. His son Donald and a hired hand are available to help with the chores and he has never objected to a little hard work himself. On the contrary, he is one man who will get out in the pasture and dig postholes with you anytime.

Another pasture Keller once toiled in was left field in Yankee Stadium but that was back when he had no horses and the Yankees had lots of them. A gentle strongman who suffered the nickname King Kong, he played alongside Joe DiMaggio and Tommy Henrich in one of baseball's finest outfielders ever. Still compact and thickly muscled at 53, he is now a successful breeder of trotters and pacers, an arduous business that demands the doggedness of a journeyman minor-leaguer plus the kind of raw good fortune that produces unassisted triple plays. Yet when something good happens, as when the first of this year's crop of foals was born on the farm near Frederick, Md., it is a life that brings Keller far greater satisfaction than his 12-year big-league career ever did.

The new arrival was a filly out of Yankee Tassel, one of Keller's 30-odd broodmares, and the scenario was repeated with some minor variations time and again in the following weeks. When Yankee Tassel appeared ready to foal on a Saturday evening, Keller dragged out the Ted Williams-model sleeping bag he uses on such occasions, climbed onto a couple of bales of hay and slept all night outside the mare's stall, "just in case I'm needed." But nothing happened. Next day Keller anxiously looked in on Yankee Tassel every half hour or so, wearily settling down in late afternoon in his knotty-pine den to stare at the golfers charging across the television screen. Early that evening he returned to the barn to find his vigil at an end. At that moment, in direct competition with the Andy Williams-San Diego Open, the mare was foaling.

A year earlier Yankee Tassel had produced an oversized, stillborn filly. Al-



KEEPING 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

though her new filly was also large, there were, to Keller's immense relief, no complications this time. "You always root for a colt," he said when it was all over. "They're more valuable than fillies when you go to sell them. But first of all you want them healthy."

Scarcely a week later, by the inexorable rhythm of the horse business, Keller loaded Yankee Tassel—and her filly—onto a van bound for Lana Lobell Farms, 40 miles away in Hanover, Pa. to breed her to a stallion named Adios Don. As the other mares bring forth foals in the weeks ahead they, too, will be shipped off to breed—Keller

keeps no stallions himself—at Lana Lobell, Pennsylvania's Hanover Shoe and other stud farms as far away as Kentucky. They will return to Frederick to foal. Not until July, the breeding season finally over, will the last of Keller's mares be back home. Shortly thereafter, Keller will start grooming his young colts and fillies in preparation for the next major event on the calendar: the fall yearling sales.

All this allows little time for the banquet and barbershop circuit that keeps many ex-athletes busy. Keller still gets back to New York for an occasional Old-Timers' Game and he maintains a few



Once part of a famous Yankee outfield with DiMaggio and Hanrich, Charlie Keller was always a country boy at heart and now he is home in Maryland, a rising breeder of quality trotting horses

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

friendships from his baseball days, notably with ex-teammate Tommy Byrne, with whom he plays golf every fall in North Carolina. Yet Keller squirms uncomfortably in the celebrity's role in which baseball cast him. He agrees to make public appearances with great reluctance, even when it involves nothing more than presenting a trophy at a harness race. Only when he goes into town to pay his taxes or perform some other unavoidable errand do Keller's neighbors in Frederick get a chance to talk baseball with him—and he usually has to be coaxed at that.

Unquestionably, he is happiest in the

big-sky solitude of his farm, where the swallows overhead account for most of the chatter while the radio in the broodmare barn pretty much takes care of the music. "I'm looking for a brand-new bed of roses," a country singer trilled one recent rainy morning, but Keller, silently peeling hay alongside Donald, gave no sign that the words were reaching him. At length he stepped out into the rain, which danced indiscriminately on the farm buildings, steaming countryside and his own yellow-suede cap. Walking past Allen, the hired hand, Keller said nothing. When Susie, his Dalmatian, scooted into the paddock hold-

ing the weanling filles, he brought himself to say, "Now don't go spooking the horses, understand?" Otherwise he made no sound other than to emit a loud teakettle-like whistle at three horses grazing on a knoll half a mile away. In a delayed response, the three turned after a minute or so and began making their way slowly toward the barn.

Inside the farmhouse later that morning, Keller glanced at his wife of 32 years and said, "Martha here is the goer of the family. She belongs to the garden clubs and bridge clubs and everything. She tries to tell me I'm antisocial." Keller paused and looked at his wife as if for confirmation of what he was saying. "I don't know anything about being antisocial," he continued. "I only know I'm being true to myself. And I don't want people treating me any different just because I used to play ball."

"I've got nothing against baseball. It gave me all this I've got today. I enjoyed actually playing the game. It's just that the life of a ballplayer isn't normal. It was always too much bouncing around and living in hotel rooms and going too long on the road without seeing your family. There isn't a ballplayer alive who will tell you it's normal. This is normal, what I'm doing now."

It is with an apologetic air, as if he were guilty of the worst possible exploitation of his baseball days, that Keller advertises his farm in standardbred magazines under the name Yankeeeland Farm, and gives his foals such names as Handsome Yankee and Yankee Slagger. "You've got to call them something, I suppose," he says sheepishly. His unassuming nature, in fact, prompts him to shrink from anything smacking of self-promotion, which makes him a refreshing anomaly among horse traders. There was the time that Keller attended the Tattersalls standardbred sales in Lexington, Ky. and a wealthy horse buyer approached him. "How are your colts this year, Charlie?" he asked.

"Oh, not so good, I'm afraid," Keller replied.

The buyer looked at him incredulously. "I'll be damned if you aren't the first breeder I ever heard say that about his own horses," he said. "Why, I'm tempted to buy one!"

One trotting enthusiast who went ahead and did just that was ex-Yankee Whitey Ford, who acquired a Keller-

continued

breed colt a couple of years ago even though, as Ford recalls, "Charlie didn't say a thing to try and talk me into it." The colt showed promise but eventually chipped a bone in his foot, and Ford recently sold him. Says Keller: "If somebody buys a horse from me and it doesn't turn out right, I feel bad." Fortunately, savvy horse buyers are impressed more by bloodlines and the breeder's past performance than by any fancy sales pitches, and not even his no-sell approach can obscure the fact that Keller consistently ranks among the top three or four breeders in average per-starter winnings. Much as this might gild his reputation—and, ultimately, his bank account—he typically has to be persuaded by friends to mention the fact in his advertising.

Although he may never approach the \$100,000 or more that a Hanover Shoe or Castleton can command for a standardbred yearling—his best price so far is \$30,000—Keller is doing well enough in the sales ring. In last November's yearling sales at Harrisburg, Pa., he sold 18 colts and fillies for \$147,860, an average of \$8,211 a head. Considering that it costs him roughly \$3,000 to breed a harness horse and bring it to auction, that performance assured him of the kind of healthy profit for the year that eludes most breeders his size.

The fragile economies of the breeding business are such that a relatively small broodmare owner like Keller might not be showing any profit at all except for

the fact that he owns syndicated shares of several stallions, an arrangement that entitles him to free stud services. To buy a top stallion outright would be risky and, for him, prohibitive. To have to pay stud fees for each foal would greatly increase his operating expenses. By contrast, consider the advantages of the \$10,000 investment that Keller made for a one-sixth interest in a stallion named Hickory Pride several years ago. To outside breeders, Hickory Pride, a son of Star's Pride, trotting's top sire, stands for \$3,500 for each live foal. So far he has sired no fewer than 25 foals out of Keller's broodmares—with no stud fees involved.

The horse that has done the most on the track to put Keller into harness racing's big leagues is Canadian-owned Fresh Yankee, a 7-year-old bay mare who, with the retirement of Nevele Pride, is probably the best trotter currently in training. A daughter of Hickory Pride out of the Keller-owned broodmare Pert Yankee, she is one of the outstanding race mares of all time. With purses to date of \$519,428, she ranks second only to thoroughbred Northern Dancer, the Kentucky Derby winner, as the highest money-winner in Canadian turf history.

It happens that Keller received all of \$900 for Fresh Yankee when he sold her as a year-old filly in 1964. One reason was that she was a rather puny yearling, the result of a digestive ailment that had wasted her for several months. Remarkable as it seems in light of her subsequent success, the condition was serious enough at the time that another breeder might have cut his losses by having the filly destroyed. "I spent more than \$900 on her in vet bills alone," Keller admits today. "But you aren't give up on a horse until you find out what's there." He nurtured Fresh Yankee to health and she was fast gaining weight at the time of her sale.

His slowness to write off a horse springs from the same cautious yet realistic streak that makes Keller equally slow to go overboard on one. "Charlie's an athlete," says Dr. Thomas Clark, a U.S. government veterinarian in Frederick and longtime friend. "His horses are athletes, too. He knows that things can happen to make a horse suddenly go good or bad, the same as they can with people." In Keller's own case, his baseball career was interrupted by duty in the Maritime Service in World War

II and was hampered by a ruptured spinal disk that painfully hobbled him for many years. Considering his present involvement as a breeder, there is some irony in the fact that Keller's two sons, Donald and Charles III—both now married and living in Frederick (as is his daughter, Jean)—had promising baseball careers in the Yankee system cut short by spinal conditions almost identical to that of their father's.

Before his own troubles took their toll, there were few ballplayers any harder than Charlie Keller. An outstanding athlete at the University of Maryland (he holds a degree in agricultural economics), he hit .334 as a rookie with the Yankees in 1939, then starred in their four-game World Series sweep against Cincinnati. On a memorable play at home, he collided with Reds Catcher Ernie Lombardi, separating Lombardi from the ball and leaving him so dazed that another Yankee followed Keller across the plate. When the familiar cries of "Break up the Yankees" were raised after the Series, a Cincinnati partisan snorted, "Break up the Yankees, hell. Just break up Charlie Keller."

Off the field during those days, Keller always seemed to be reading Zane Grey novels, pulp westerns and what he called "books of the day." Although he was popular both with teammates and fans, his down-home manner, he recalls, "made some people think I still had hay in my hair." His yeoman strength only added to the image, giving rise to such haibs as the one attributed to teammate Lefty Gomez: "Keller wasn't scouted. He was trapped." Then, too, there was that nickname, inspired by the gorilla who ravaged New York in the old movie *King Kong*, a burden Keller carries uneasily to the present day. Out in public a fan will still occasionally recognize him and ask innocently, "Say, aren't you King Kong?"

"Nope," Keller replies flatly.

"Hey, c'mon. You're Charlie Keller, aren't you?"

With that, Keller's tone becomes somewhat friendlier. "Yes, that's me," he says.

Despite his back ailment and all his misgivings about the life of a ballplayer, Keller kept going in baseball as long as he could. The money, naturally, was the main incentive, and he managed to salt away some fairly substantial savings on



AT EASE WITH ROSIE AND GRANDSONS

a salary that never climbed any higher than \$27,500. Eventually, he found that he was "putting twice as much in and getting half as much out." In 1951, after two years as a pinch hitter with the Detroit Tigers, who had acquired him from the Yankees, he went home to Maryland to begin the rockiest period of his life.

Although he had grown up on a dairy farm, Keller considered that life too regimented for his present taste. It was variety he wanted, and that is just what he got. For one stretch he played golf from morning to night. Depending on what was in season, he hunted quail, grouse and rabbits. He got into marathon gun rummy sessions at the local Elks Club and followed the thoroughbreds over in Charles Town, W. Va. For two brief periods Keller returned to the Yankees as a coach. Finally, the ex-hallplayer found his way to the Frederick County fairgrounds, where harness horseman Joe Eyer was training trotters. By that time, Keller says, "I was starting to feel pretty useless. I was losing pride." He began jogging trotters around the track and before long told Eyer he had made up his mind to buy some broodmares.

Eyer remembers trying to discourage him. "I told Charlie you don't always get a mare in foal every year. I told him it isn't easy to breed the right mare to the right horse to produce the kind of colt that people with money will buy. I told him not every horse can be a

great one. I told him everything—all the big and little problems. And Charlie said, 'Well, we didn't win every ball game on the Yankees either.'"

Starting a new career at the age of 39, Keller immersed himself in *Sires and Dams*, the multivolume register of standardbred bloodlines, with the zeal of a college student anxious to maintain his draft deferment. In the fall of 1957 he took his first three yearlings off to sale. As they were being led up the ramp into the waiting truck, the frightened animals balked violently. There was no loading chute on Keller's farm then, and he and several other men spent two hours vainly trying to coax the stubborn animals onto the truck before finally succeeding with the use of tranquilizers. The ordeal unsettled Keller, who had cared for the young horses for more than a year, during which time they had been tame as kittens.

He turned sadly to one of the other men. "If it's going to be like this, maybe I don't want any part of this business after all," he said.

As Keller was learning at that moment, the yearling sale is what horse breeding is all about. It is the culmination of three years of work that starts when first thought is given to possible breeding combinations. Those three years are evaluated in the seconds it takes to auction off the horses, a wrenching process that breeders inevitably compare with parenthood. "You fall in love with each bunch that comes along," says Del

Miller, one of sulky racing's top all-round horsemen. "You help bring them into the world, you feed them, you worry about them—and then suddenly they're gone."

For all that, the business won a hold on Charlie Keller that dairy farming never could have. "You don't have to get up at 4 in the morning to milk horses," says Keller—yet his own average day is not all that much shorter. It runs from 6:20 a.m., when his clock-radio awakens him to the news, until after the sun slides behind the Blue Ridge Mountains, which form a curtain in the distance. After dinner, an open magazine in his lap, Keller often dozes off in the den, the walls of which are covered with photographs from both baseball and harness racing. Above the fireplace hangs an oil painting, a Christmas gift from his wife and children, of a bay mare named Gay Yankee.

Purchased by Keller as a yearling in 1956, Gay Yankee was the first of half a dozen fillies he has occasionally trained and raced before putting them into service as broodmares. She was also the most successful of them, winning \$70,000 at a time when Keller badly needed cash to expand his budding operation. As a promising broodmare, Gay Yankee delivered three foals. One day in 1966 Keller noticed that the mare was behaving strangely. Later that same night she tapsed into a coma and died, the victim of a brain tumor. She was 11, an age at which broodmares ordinarily have seven or eight productive years ahead of them.

It is the horse breeder's mission not only to produce sound animals, but also to try to keep them sound. When two of his yearling colts ran slight fevers earlier this year, Keller hurriedly called the vet and worried mightily until their temperatures returned to normal. "You can't take any chances," Keller said. "There's always the danger of something like that running through your whole bunch." If nothing else, such experiences help build a sense of perspective. At the same time the colts took ill, a blizzard swept across Keller's farm, toppling two apple trees, freezing up water pipes in the horse barn and tearing off a dozen fence rails. The ex-ballplayer just shrugged. "The normal wear and tear of winter," he said. "Around here you don't even consider that sort of thing trouble."

END



A SQUIRE OF ALL TRADES AT YANKEELAND: KELLER GROOMS ONE OF HIS YEARLINGS



"It's his attitude," said Hank Stram, watching Arthur Ashe beat Clark Graebner in a tournament in Overland Park, Kans. "It's what I try to tell my players over and over, and Ashe proved it again. What's an attitude? It's the key to winning. And what's the word for Ashe's attitude? Cool, man. Before the match, he was called over to meet Stram and Kansas Governor Robert Docking, and when the latter asked him, 'When are you going to get started?' Ashe replied, 'We'll start, Governor, as soon as you can get out there and get introduced.'"

Charlie Manuel of the Minnesota Twins was a winner early this month at Pimlico but he has teammate Bob Allison to thank. Manuel bought an Exeter ticket, thinking the fifth race was the Frazier race. It was the sixth. "I was disoriented," said Manuel. "I had the 5-1 and the 5-5 horses and they just didn't figure to win the sixth. So, I tore up the tickets." Allison, however, advocated a "wait and see" policy. They retrieved the scraps from an ashtray, taped them together and were assisted by the

track management that the tickets were still valid. Sure enough, the 5-1 combination came in, and Manuel's take—which he certainly ought to share—was \$1,165.

• Youthful unrest has been taking a rather quixotic form in Belgium where, to protest educational policy, students recently kidnapped weight lifter **Serge Reding** and held him hostage for 24 hours in an unheated medieval castle. Reding, 275 pounds, and a silver-medal winner at the Mexico City Olympics, was dangling along a deserted street in a quiet Brussels suburb when he found himself surrounded by 15 students and pushed into a waiting automobile. He was whisked away to the castle, in Ganshoek, where he was held until authorities promised to consider the students' demands. Reding took it all fairly stoically, but officials of the Belgian Weight Lifting Federation were frantic. They interceded with the authorities to hasten his release, and while awaiting it were only slightly calmed to hear him shout down from the archers' walkway of the castle tower, "So far I have

had enough to eat!" Once out, Reding said to the press, "I would have much preferred to spend the night in my bed. I agree with their claims, but I should not be mixed up in the business."

As a young man," recalls **Sir Julian Huxley**, "I was thoroughly bitten by the excitement of mountaineering—the pitting of one's human self against inhuman nature." Inhuman nature did not take the form of mountains at Oxford in 1909, so, in his recently published autobiography, the 83-year-old biologist explains that he climbed buildings instead. "Without ropes, in darkness and silence, for fear of the college authorities or the police. There was a particularly nasty bit at the back of Balliol Hall, where one had to put one's leg round a corner, trusting that the foot would encounter a projecting waterspout. . . . There was a splendid climb to the north face of Trinity clock. This started alongside the Balliol science lab, where I had to grip the coping stones. . . . On one occasion the stone I was pulling on started to give way. Luckily, I was able to throw myself forward into position." Sir Julian's last climb was shortly before his final exams. "I just managed to get up the sham Tudor building and had a splendid and triumphant view of all Oxford, with its spires and domes and quadrangles gleaming at the clear light of a June dawn."

• We can't go on meeting like this," **Senator George Murphy** might reasonably be murmuring to his son **Dennis**.—Murphy just had just arrived by helicopter at a point 9,500 feet up in California's Mineral King Valley, while Murphy Jr. had spent almost seven hours struggling up from the town of Three Rivers,

25 miles away. The development of Mineral King by Disney Productions as a recreational area has been blocked by a suit brought against the Forest Service and the Department of Agriculture and the Interior by the Sierra Club. The Senator had come to look over the situation. "I hadn't seen Dad in about a month, so when I heard he was coming here I figured I'd like in to meet him," Dennis said.

The incumbent **James Bond**, **George Lazenby**, has been romping about the West Indies: a Bondish casual way to prepare for a squash match against world champion professional **Jonah Barrington**. Barrington, a 28-year-old Londoner, is known as The Monk of the West End, having given up cigarettes, alcohol and girl friends for what must have been five rather long years. Now, with a match against a James Bond coming up, The Monk has apparently decided that an entirely different kind of training may be called for. "I'm trying to find out if I can successfully combine my squash playing with a social life," he says cautiously. "I am experimenting with a very good friend."



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.377. When he beat New York with two singles and a home run, the homer was the second he had hit in Yankee Stadium—one as a big-leaguer and one as a sandlotter in the Hagerland Clinic. OAKLAND had an odd week. Last year's home-run hero, Reggie Jackson, could have wished it was the week that wasn't. Bench Friday for week batting (.189) while Joe Rudi (.189 last year) got two hits in a 7-1 win. Jackson suffered a 47-home-run-slugger's ultimate indignity on Saturday. With the game tied 7-3, he was sent in—as a pinch runner. A line drive that left Chuck Dobson's pitching shoulder bulging and discolored may have been the making of Dobson's season. The injury seemed to force him into his old three-quarter-arm pitching groove and for the first time he pitched well. CHICAGO looked like no White Sox anyone had ever seen. They had committed 42 errors while leading the league in hitting (five regulars are over .300). Third baseman Bill Melton, batting .325, was fielding .996. Released abruptly in his 13th major league season, 33-year-old Jerry Adair criticized KANSAS CITY Manager Charlie Metro in a radio interview. "Any time you have 25 men who disrespect someone as a man and manager, you'll have morale problems," he said. Tony Conigliaro surveyed a MILWAUKEE Ladies' Night and announced he preferred Seattle. "Seattle," he said, "had better-looking women and shorter fences." But the Brewers had a five-game winning streak, including a sweep of a doubleheader on ninth-inning pinch-hit singles in both games. Could Seattle top that?

MINN 16-0 CAL 16-10 OAK 14-10
CHI 15-17 KC 10-18 MIL 10-20

AL EAST

A home-run ball traveled 700 feet without ever going out of BALTIMORE'S Memorial Stadium. With the Orioles behind 2-1, Dave Johnson hit the right-field foul pole for a two-run homer. The ball bounced back onto the field and was returned to Kansas City Pitcher Dick Drago. Two pitches later Elrod Hendricks whacked the same ball into the right-field seats. Otherwise it was just another routine come-from-behind victory, like 13 of the 21 Orioles wins. Take Thursday, for example. With two out in the ninth, Frank Robinson belted a three-run homer to give Baltimore a 7-6 victory, its 17th straight over K.C. "It means we have a ball club that wants to win," said Earl Weaver. "I'll give you an idea what kind of club. I call a workout for extra men and the whole team shows up." Royals and Twins alike bombed weakening Detroit pitchers. Tiger moundmen allowed 32 runs and 51 hits in five games, and Kansas City scored six runs in the first inning off Mike Killebrew and Tom Timmerman. Even Bill Freehan's home runs in three straight games couldn't compensate. Angered by the absence of Al Kaline (.327) from the competi-

trized All-Star ballot because of the bizarre system requiring nominations in March, Jimmie Price said, "I tore the ballots up—that's a quote. I threw them in the wastebasket. How could I or anyone pick All-Stars in spring training? I think other player representatives did the same thing. I do know the Tigers never voted." BOSTON'S Reggie Smith had a particularly bad road trip. In Milwaukee, he and Carl Yastrzemski were pelled with beer bottles, worst and worse. In Oakland, Reggie crashed into the center-field wall and Dave Duncan's hit went for an inside-the-park home run. NEW YORK already had a pitching problem before long reliever John Cumberland suffered the least heroic injury of the season. Cumberland sprained an ankle when he slipped on soda pop spilled around the clubhouse soft-drink machine. Ted Williams' WASHINGTON Senators batted .176 for the week and had scored 10 runs on their entire road trip. CLEVELAND'S Sam McDowell said, "This year's team is the best I've ever played with." Then the last-place Indians lost their fourth straight.

BALT 25-8 DET 10-12 BOST 14-13
NY 18-15 WASH 12-15 CLEV 10-16

NL WEST

CINCINNATI, defeated twice by the Cubs just when the Braves were moving their streak into double figures, remained calm. Beat Chicago and maintained a five-game lead. LOS ANGELES, too, was on a winning tear, with four straight and 10 of 11. The Dodgers swept the faltering Phillies (as they had the Expos earlier) and took two of three from the Mets in Shea Stadium, their first victories in New York since 1948. Willie Davis, slumping badly after his fine 1969 season, seemed to revive after receiving a rest—and batting advice from his wife. "Jeanna told me I was moving my head when I was swinging," Davis said. "She was right. I remembered that Ted Williams article on hitting. I got it out, got in front of a mirror and practiced my swing." Manny Mota came off the bench and made people wonder why he had been there. He delivered two singles and two triples, drove in two runs, and scored three—one on a theft of home. Thirty-nine-year-old Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO hit his 605th and 606th career home runs as Miguel Antonio Puello of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, won his first major league victory, 7-1, on his 22nd birthday. The Giants also lost, 14-5 to the Mets and 15-8 to the Expos, in rare evidences of resistance on the part of the hapless East. The West clubs won 26 and lost only 10 during the week; at its end, five of the six East teams were under .500 for the season. On Sunday only one East club was able to win, but that was St. Louis breaking Atlanta's win streak. BOSTON was 3-2 despite having to use infielder Marty Martinez behind the plate

in one game. Two wild pitches got past Martinez and then a two-run passed ball. SAN DIEGO won five out of seven as Nate Colbert hit four home runs.

GINN 23-8 ATL 17-12 LA 17-12
SF 15-18 HOUS 10-17 SD 14-18

NL EAST

The CHICAGO Cubs were as streaky as a drunken window washer. After six straight losses had followed an 11-game winning streak, the Cubs suddenly cleaned up on red-hot Cincinnati. They belted out 10 runs in one game against the hitherio overpowering Cincy staff, then followed up with an 8-1 stomping. Billy Williams, who had gone 0 for 15 after an earlier string of 0 for 16, got three hits and two home runs in the first game. Ernie Banks, who hadn't gotten a hit on the road, went three for four and hit his 499th home run. Glenn Beckert had been 0 for 17 but hit .400 against Merritt, Nolan, Gullett, et al. So did Don Kessinger. Jim Hickman's slump ended with two home runs and four hits in eight ABs. Even Pitcher Ken Holtzman went three-for-three and was batting .300. With all their fine pitching, the NEW YORK Mets were in a batting slump—the same one they had been in all season. A running 223 as a team, four points ahead of Montreal, the Metropolitans had only one more home run as a team than Henry Aaron had as Henry Aaron. But then they flattened up on San Francisco, 4-5, including an eight-run fifth inning. Art Shamsky, who had slammed a two-run homer earlier in the game, doubled and singled and collected two RBIs in that inning. Result: Jerry Kosman finally got his first win in seven tries. PHILADELPHIA lost two of three to San Diego and two extra-inning games to Los Angeles. Grant Jackson had a 7-0 lead over the Padres in a game the Phillies lost 11-8, and Chris Short dropped an 8-2 game. "Luckies has a quick book," Jackson grumbled about his manager. "I'm used to a four-man rotation." Short complained. Said Luckies: "I don't want any all-stars from pitchers." Danny Murthaugh of PITTSBURGH said: "Lousy hitting, lousy fielding, lousy pitching. Our hitting is so bad I don't know who to sit down." The Pirates used 33 pitchers in 11 games. In an 11-7 loss Willie Stargell dropped a fly ball, Roberto Clemente fell down on a liner and let in two runs and a Joe Gibbon wild pitch let in two more when the Reds' Bobby Tolan catcher pointed the wrong way to the ball to catch Manny Sanguillen. Pirate luck continued: in another 12-6 cryer a strikeout was nullified by a passed ball. ST. LOUIS lost a ninth straight night game, including one in which Bob Gibson had been given a 3-0 lead. MONTREAL's week was notable for a May snowstorm that canceled a game in Jarry Park.

PHI 15-11 NY 14-15 PHIL 13-18
PIT 13-16 ST. L. 10-14 MONT 8-16

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MAY 15
NATIONAL TAVERN
MONTH

For some, minis are the maximum

Mini fish are young fish. They are not tropical fish, such as tetras, barbs and angels sold in pet stores, but living, breathing ripsnorting American fish, such as baby tuna, infant sea bass, jack crevilles, weakfish, blues, barracuda and other killers of the deep. There are, at latest count, maybe a dozen serious mini fishermen. Any slob can crank in a 90-pound white marlin, but the fisherman who catches a two-inch pompano,

three-fourths-inch barracuda or a smidgen of a post-larval striped bass is the man who rates big in mini-fishing circles, especially if he can keep his tiny catch alive in an aquarium.

However small the quarry, mini-fishing circles are enlarging all the time. Last month three vocal advocates of mini fishing, Seth Rosenbaum, a computer analyst, Joe Mintzer, an electrician, and myself, were on a panel held during the course of the American Littoral Society's annual day-long symposium on the sea. I had warned my fellow panelists that given our minute range of interest we could expect only a mini turnout for our hour session, perhaps 20 people at best, but we were overwhelmed to find the lecture hall jammed with 600. For us mini fishermen, it was a maxi meeting, and we held everyone enthralled with our small talk.

In the New York area, where most of the mini fishermen come from, mini fishing is at its absolute peak from late July through November. At this time

of year the Gulf Stream carries the young of any number of tropical species north, and offshore fish sometimes come in, too. The adept Rosenbaum has caught baby bonito, ordinarily found far out at sea, on a tiny red and white bucktail jig near the mouth of the East River in Queens, and he regularly catches infant jack creville off a pier in Brooklyn. Rosenbaum's apartment is lined with tanks abubbling with his catches. Once he made the mistake of putting a four-inch jack into a tank with a nine-inch kingfish. A lone jack will adhere to its schooling instinct and follow a larger fish around, and Rosenbaum's jack all but gave the kingfish a nervous breakdown.

Last year, Rosenbaum went down to Culebra in the West Indies where he used teeny-weeny size-22 trout hooks to catch sergeants major and beau gregories, which he brought back home for his aquariums. Rosenbaum got a three-inch barracuda which he raised to seven inches before his eight-inch octopus ate it. At present his prize is a squat

You've got a lot to live



lobster from the Bahamas. "Last week I had to give him a haircut because he had so much algae on him," he says. "I use an electric toothbrush. I have the red brush, he has the green one."

For several years Rosenbaum has collected with the king of mini fishermen, Joe Mintzer, who speaks with a marked New York accent. "Fish are beautiful," Joe says. "They're like boids." Now in his 50s, he has been mini fishing since he was 3, when he pulled a tiny sunfish out of a lake in Central Park. Fittingly, Joe is a little fellow. He has frizzy red hair and a preoccupied expression, as though he were always thinking of mini fish or microscopic algae. He lives in a seventh floor walk-up apartment on the Lower East Side, right under the landlord's pigeon coop, but raised in another time under different circumstances he might well be Professor Joseph Mintzer, distinguished ichthyologist. "This guy is unbelievable," says a member of The New York Aquarium, to which Mintzer has given hundreds of small fish.

Among the fish Joe has taken are baby tuna, lizard fish, four-eye butterfly fish, orange filefish, mullet, pompano, grunts and northern stargazers.

Much of Joe's collecting is done at Rockaway Beach which he visits on Sunday by subway, toting snorkel gear, buckets and nets. He has a selection of apron nets which he wears like a bib. To get mini fish which hide in seaweed, he swims face down through the water, holding out the hem of a green apron net. To complete the camouflage, he also wears sneakers dyed green. "Unfortunately, he often wears the green sneakers while seining on white sand, so the theory is a little weak," says Rosenbaum, a droll sort. Sometimes Joe uses a fish trap shaped like a lampshade. There is netting on the sides and bottom, and the top is open. The bottom is baited with chum, and after the fish swim in, Joe simply hauls the trap to the surface. This is patterned after an old technique, but the difference is that Joe's trap is rectangular instead of round.

"Fish don't like round things," he says.

Once a year, Joe goes down to collect at Miami Beach, where he has put up at the same hotel for years, or maybe the hotel puts up with him. He has a room on the first floor rear, because, he explains, "I catch most of my fish right there in the soif."

Joe says the hardest part of mini fishing is to get the mini fish to live. "I got a triggerfish up to an inch," he says. "It dropped dead from fright. Menhaden are hard to keep alive, but if you ever get one to live you can't kill it. They're good because they feed by filtering the water, and they keep a tank clean. All my tough fish I put together, the triggerfish, filefish, porcupine fish. Once I tried some baby cod. Promptly when the temperature hits 70° they drop dead. They need cold water." Once Joe scraped up money to go to Bermuda to mini fish, and to him Bermuda remains the promised land. "It's a cinch to catch little fish there," he says. "They don't run away. Nobody chases them." **END**

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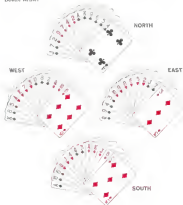
They call it Precision for good reason

When the Dallas Aces go to Stockholm next month to challenge for the Bermuda Bowl, they will encounter the team that was America's nemesis in the world championship in Rio last year: Nationalist China, which finished second to Italy's Blue Team in Rio—keeping our team out of the finals for the first time since the beginning of Bermuda Bowl competition in 1950—also won the 1969 Far Eastern Championship by a wide margin. The Chinese scored 118 victory points to 101 for the runner-up, Hong Kong.

The victorious Chinese team included Patrick Huang and M. F. Tai, using the Precision System they employed so successfully in Rio; K. J. Cheng and C. H. Hsiao, who did not play Precision but may adopt it for Stockholm; and V. C. Chow-C. H. Lee, who will have to be replaced with another pair because, as officers of the Nationalist Chinese Air Force, their presence in Taiwan cannot be spared.

The inventor of the Precision System is C. C. Wei, who was the nonplaying captain of the team in Rio. Wei and his wife Kathy, who rules the off-hours conduct of her team with ironhanded but feminine charm, do not claim to be bridge players of world class. But the discipline

*East-West vulnerable
South dealer*



imposed by Mme. Wei away from the table, and by her husband's Precision System at the table, had much to do with China's stunning success in Brazil. The system, as played by Huang-Tai, was again a big factor in the Far Eastern Championship, as witness this deal from their match against fourth-place Indonesia.

When the hand was first played with Indonesia holding the North-South cards, South uneventfully reached a three-no-trump contract and, after a heart opening, made 10 top tricks for +430. But with Huang as South and Tai sitting North, the Precision System took them through seven rounds of bidding before they ended up in a precise contract of six diamonds:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3♦	PASS	3♦	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	4♦	PASS
4♦	PASS	4♦	PASS
5 N.T.	PASS	6♦	PASS
6♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of hearts

South's opening club bid was strong and artificial; it was also a hint in that the hand included only 17 points in high cards and was no great shakes in distribution. North's forcing-to-game two-club response was also a near minimum as far as high-card strength was concerned—it guaranteed eight points, and at least a five-card club suit. South's rebid showed at least a five-card diamond suit, and North's hand suddenly became enormously valuable because of the heart void. It was worth five more points in support of diamonds. North established the suit with his diamond raise (precisely, his four trumps should have included the jack or better). South showed minimum values and no six-card suit with his no-trump rebid. North's four-club bid showed six-card length, and, thereafter, once North had cue-bid hearts, South drove to the slam.

Against the heart opening, declarer had little trouble. He ruffed an dummy, played two top trumps, leaving the queen outstanding, and then ran clubs. West could ruff anytime he chose, but dummy still had a trump left as an entry to the established clubs, which provided sufficient discards to take care of declarer's remaining losers.

Even against what would seem to be the most threatening opening—a spade—declarer can make his slam by taking the spade ace, the two top trumps and playing four rounds of clubs, discarding his two spade losers before West can ruff in with the high trump.

END

Got those St. Louis blues

In the wake of Boston's ominously swift Stanley Cup triumph, all the West has them; equality with the East seems more distant than ever

Jacques Plante, 41, goalkeeper of the St. Louis Blues, lay in St. Louis' Jewish Hospital last week as his teammates finished out their gloomy Stanley Cup series with the brassy, bellhose Boston Bruins. Plante has had his nose shattered four times, his cheekbone cracked twice, his jaw fractured once during an outstanding career. Now he was recovering from his most damaging mishap—a deflected shot that struck his mask between the eyes in the first game of the finals. Plante had a red welt over his left eye. Flecks of blue and yellow discolored the area. "I'm convinced," he said, "that the mask saved my life. I always told myself that if necessary I would put my face in front of a shot. But now, after this one—the pain every time I move my head—I don't think that way any more."

What happened to Plante was merely

a harbinger of what was to befall the Blues all week. In his despair, Plante believed he was finished in St. Louis. He was beginning to think about seeking employment elsewhere—and probably will find it with another expansion team, perhaps Vancouver or Buffalo. "I'm through here," he said. "I'm convinced of it. There's no room for Jacques. I'll go anywhere else." Despite Plante's age and outlook somebody will find room for him, and this is but one of many signs of the expansion clubs' woeful weakness.

When the NHL expanded in 1967 to twice its size, equality between East and West was confidently expected to come about within five years. Now, with two new entries to dilute a store of talent already depleted for the West through the wholesale trading of first-choice amateur

(junior) draft picks, parity is not even on the horizon. Furthermore, Chicago's Black Hawks move into the West next season, with all that implies for the divisional race.

The Blues are the best of the West, but that is not saying much. In three straight cup finals they have failed to win a single game. If they can't compete on fairly even terms with the powers of the East, how can Los Angeles, Oakland and the others compete with Chicago? (At least the NHL governors have decided on a "crossover" in the 1971 playoffs. East and West will play an interlocking schedule in the semifinals, thus assuring the two strongest teams in the final.)

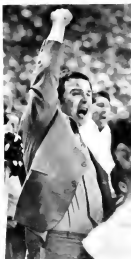
As Plante contemplated his future last week, NHL President Clarence S. Campbell gave some anxious thought to the league's. He talked of the pursuit of parity. "Before expansion," he said, "I tried to persuade the original owners to be more generous. I thought I had them convinced, but the next morning I was as dead as a maggot. The cabals took over. Originally, we had a rule against the trading of amateur draft choices. When the West Division came into being, some West owners said I was interfering with their business." He shrugged. "Any knowing man realized what would happen. You can't put a mortgage on yourself for life."

What happened was that the new teams, distraught at the flotsam and jetsam acquired in the original stocking, traded future amateur picks for immediate help. Now most of them are paying the price. Los Angeles, for instance, does not have a No. 1 choice until 1975. Minnesota is not much better off. In 1971 only two teams—St. Louis and Philadelphia—have No. 1 picks.

"We have two No. 1 choices next year," said Sid Salomon III, executive vice-president of the Blues. "Those and future picks are the lifeblood of our franchise. We won't trade draft choices. It's the only way to come up with a potential superstar—an Orr or a Hull." As Salomon spoke, he stood in the lobby of Boston's Sheraton Plaza Hotel awaiting game No. 4 and the *coup de grâce* from Boston. "We're the best of a very poor lot," he admitted, "but at least we're the best in the West. I think our organization did a fine job putting together the team it did. Our guys tried hard, as hard as they could. They



THE BLUES' JACQUES PLANTE LIES UNCONSCIOUS AFTER BRUIN SHOT FELLED HIM



HARRY SINDEN SALUTES A BRUIN GOAL

wouldn't quit. It's not their fault that they weren't good enough.

"If the owners really want parity, or competition, to put it another way, they can get it by cutting their protected lists to 12 and giving the weaker teams a crack at some talent. They could even sell us a few players. They say we got in for \$2 million, a bargain, while the new clubs paid \$6 million. But remember this, we spent another \$8 million for our building and improvements. That's a big investment. We don't know if we'll be able to compete well enough in the future to make it pay off."

Salomon is aware that age is a problem with his team. Glenn Hall, the Blues' other elder in goal, is 38. Ernie Wakelley, a "rookie" at 29, is coming in. The Blues average 30 years of age; 10 regulars are 30 or older. Only two Blues are under 25. In contrast, the Bruins average four years younger, and only three of them—John Bucyk, John McKenzie and Eddie Johnston—are over 30. Nine—half the squad—are 25 or younger. Still Boston, not St. Louis, will get three of the top 14 young players in Canada in June's amateur draft.

Buffalo and Vancouver will toss a coin for the first pick, and the winner undoubtedly will choose the Montreal Junior Canadiens' center, Gilbert Perreault, who has been called "the best since Orr." The loser probably will pick one of these talented youngsters: Ray Martyn, a colorful goalie from Flin Flon, Manitoba; Dale Tallon, a center-defenseman with the Toronto Marlboros; or Reg Leach, a rugged wing, also of Flin Flon. Los Angeles should pick next, but it has traded away its choice—for Skip Krake, a journeyman center. Boston takes that one, thank you. Next comes Philadelphia. Aha, Boston has that one, too, in exchange for a minor league forward, Rosaire Puiment. Next comes Oakland. Oops. The Seals have traded their choice to Montreal, for Carol Vadnais. And so it will go next month in the draft. Sid III had a very good point.

Unless the expansion teams can muster enough votes to change things, they can forget about a Stanley Cup championship for at least another decade. Boston went 29 years between titles, but it appears now to be building a dynasty anchored by Orr, who, of course, is only 22 and this season was the winner of three of the NHL's six major trophies: Hart (most valuable player), Ross (the scoring champion) and Norris (best defenseman).

Orr had little to say about the disparity in talent between the divisions. He just did his thing, except when Blues Coach Scotty Bowman assigned utilityman Jim Roberts to shadow him. Orr accepted the special treatment for two games, then, piqued, he rapped Roberts in the mouth with his stick.

Other Bruins were more vocal. Phil Esposito, who set a Stanley Cup scoring record with 36 points and broke the record for goals, with 13, said, "I don't want to take anything away from St. Louis, because they are a good hockey team, but this final is anticlimactic, the same as last year after Montreal beat us. We've just got too good a hockey club."

The Bruins, meanwhile, played better than they had all season. The line of Fred Stanfield, Johnny Bucyk and Johnny McKenzie surpassed a record for playoff points that was set in 1955 by Detroit's famous Gordie Howe-Earl Reibel-Ted Lindsay combination. Goalie Gerry Cheevers also set a record with 10 consecutive playoff victories. Steady Eddie

Westfall was exceptional in killing penalties and winning face-offs. His linemate, Derek Sanderson, wasn't bad; he won no fewer than 18 of his 24 face-offs in the second game. Both scored shorthand goals.

Throughout the sweep, Boston Coach Harry Sinden refused to belittle the Blues, although it was obvious they were overmatched. Sinden was particularly tense before the third game, when the Blues switched to Glenn Hall in goal. "These damn papers have us winning four straight," he said. "Mr. Hall could have a lot to say about that." Hall did. He blocked 42 shots in acrobatic fashion, but four others got by him. After that game, dazed with nervous perspiration, Sinden relaxed a little. He turned an ear to the shouting in the dressing room nearby. "You don't think those guys are going to lose Sunday, do you?" he asked with a smile.

As the week began, Bowman had hopes of a long-shot upset, or at least winning a game or two. His comments, game by game, tell the story. Game 1: "It wasn't a 6-1 game. There's no excuse for missing the goals we did. I can't understand it." Game 2: "They were twice as good as us tonight." (Sinden: "We were three times as good.") Game 3: "If we play better and Boston plays worse, we can make it closer. We'll have to make it closer before we start talking about winning. We feel bad, but I know five other West teams that must feel worse."

During the annual NHL award luncheon, when Orr, Chicago's Tony Esposito and St. Louis Center Phil Goyette were honored, Red Berenson turned to Bowman in the packed Sheraton Plaza ballroom and asked, "How long do we have to stay here?" Replied Bowman: "At least until Sunday."

Said Sanderson: "There is no way we're going back to St. Louis. Hell, we have a tougher workout in practice."

On Sunday the Blues came close to zipping Sanderson's lip with an admirable counterattack—a spasm of vigor that carried them to a 3-2 lead in the third period. That Boston had to come from behind to beat the score is tribute enough to the Blues' courage. Winning might have made them feel the West had some chance of going places. How pat, how perfect it was that Bobby Orr scored the winning goal after 40 seconds of overtime. It's his puck now, and heaven help the underdogs.

END

The Commander may trail in Pimlico dust

Despite his impressive Derby win, the Preakness outlook is not bright for Dust Commander, who must face the toughest of his Kentucky foes and a few aspiring strangers, too. Of course, it might rain, and . . .

The best thing that can be said about this week's 95th running of the Preakness at Pimlico is that it will be contested by fewer than 17 runners and thus ought to be a truer test of class than the traffic-muddled Kentucky Derby. No more than 12 colts are likely to start at Baltimore, and maybe as few as nine, which means a fairly wieldy bunch will be dealing with Pimlico's rather tricky conditions—a track that is deeper in texture and demands more maneuverability than Churchill Downs and a race that is 110 yards shorter than the Derby.

This is to take no credit away from Derby winner Dust Commander, who won with ridiculous ease, beating My Dad George by five lengths and the rest of the field from here to East Overshoe. But it will be interesting to see if Dust Commander, winner of the Blue Grass and the Derby on off tracks, will again be able to capitalize on the sort of going he relishes, and it is certain that the other Preakness jockeys are not going to be hasty about giving Dust Commander's rider, Mike Manganello, the rail at any stage of this second Triple Crown classic.

Of even more immediate concern to Dust Commander's owner, Robert Lehmann, and his trainer, Don Combs, is whether their colt is at his best. He had a little heat in his left front ankle last week, which is not exactly what one wants in a potential Preakness favorite. He missed a day or two of light work, and a decision as to whether or not to start him at Pimlico probably won't be made until less than 48 hours before post time. Preakness spectators, aware of all this—and particularly if the track is fast—are not likely to send the Derby winner off as the favorite. Nor, if he starts, is he likely to win.

The first five of those who trailed Dust Commander through the long Churchill

Downs stretch are expected to appear for round two. They are My Dad George, High Echelon, Naskra, Silent Screen and Admiral's Shield. In addition, Personality (eighth), Native Royalty (ninth) and Robin's Bug (10th) will be on hand. Some of the others who may make it are Plenty Old, a Santa Anita stakes winner this winter, Stop Time, Oh Fudge and, possibly, Buzkashi. The latter ran in the one-mile Withers at Aqueduct last week and finished fifth in his sprinting stablemate Hagley after being forced to check slightly at the head of the stretch.

The Withers was supposed to provide a few more Preakness starters, but it didn't turn out that way. Hagley took the lead almost at the start and kept it most of the way to beat another sprinter, Delaware Chief, by two lengths. Tatoo, trained by Frank Whiteley for Orme Wilson Jr., was another two lengths back and a length ahead of Greentree Stable's Cut The Comedy, who made a bold move turning for home and then pretty much gave up the whole business, barely hanging on to save fourth money by a head from Buzkashi. (Although Greentree won't have a representative in the Preakness, the stable may have found its No. 1 Belmont Stakes prospect last week in Liberty Card, a gray colt by Sea-Bird and the Bold Ruler mare Time For Bed.) Both Hagley and Buzkashi are owned by Jimmy and Alice Mills of Virginia and trained by Woods Garth. They figured the mile of the Withers would be too short for Buzkashi and too long for Hagley, and were pleasantly surprised by the results, but their decision about the Preakness might be to pass it up completely, reserving Hagley for further sprint stakes and saving Buzkashi for the Jersey Derby on May 30. If Buzkashi should go to the Preakness, he would rate as a distinct come-from-behind threat.

Another non-Derby-starter with a hope of making things stimulating for Dust Commander and his followers was Calumet Farm's Sunny Tim, who had won both the Swift and Bay Shore this spring. Sunny Tim won a mile-and- $\frac{1}{2}$ prep at Pimlico last week handily enough but then turned up with an ailing left foreleg and is out at least until the Belmont. One of the runners he beat, Stop Time, will probably give the Preakness a try, futile as it is likely to be.

What of the rest? My Dad George still refuses to run a bad race. His Flamingo and Florida Derby victories were as outstanding as any races of the winter or spring season, and in the Kentucky Derby, although he was clearly outrun in the stretch by Dust Commander, he made a long move into contention from 14th position and was, momentarily, in close traffic on the final turn, when he and Holy Land both dove for an opening, the opening that Holy Land did not get through.

The John Jacobs-trained entry of High Echelon and Personality ran respectably at Churchill Downs. High Echelon, who can't get himself started until his races are half over, came from dead last at the half-mile pole and still managed to finish third, beaten only half a length by My Dad George. Personality, winner of the mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial over Silent Screen, was supposed to be the stronger of the Jacobs entries, but he apparently propped at the head of the Churchill Downs stretch at the sight of one of the many puddles on the track and thereafter lost most of his action—and his competitive will as well.

Naskra, the Everglades winner, acquitted himself well in the Derby to finish fourth, especially in view of some minor leg trouble the week before. "He ran fine, I thought, even after missing a few days," says Trainer Phil Johnson.

continued

1970. Lee Trevino puts together your new golf game.



"I designed these clubs for the average golfer. I know his mistakes and how clubs can improve his game. Faultless 70's will. Or my name isn't Trevino." He's a former golf in-

structor as well as U.S. Open champ.

And his name is Trevino

"If this shaft doesn't improve your game—try bowling." Our exclusive Action Shaft is light like aluminum, strong like steel. A special steel alloy provides a stronger lower portion that flexes with the swing, yet returns to the straight position faster

This quick response explodes into the ball

Another thing. Swing a Faultless. You'll notice the weight distribution immediately. Since the shaft is lighter, the clubhead can be heavier for a bigger impact.

"I want a longer club. A bigger arc. And more power!" So be it. Our standard driver measures 43½ inches not 43. All our clubs are ½ inch longer. A longer shaft means a wider arc, faster clubhead speed and better power. And if you have long legs or short arms you can stand straighter.

"Give me a bigger 'sweet spot' area." Look at our contact face. It's big. And set deeply into the wood. No uneven screws. No screws. Just a rock-

solid fusion with wood. And that wood is the finest quality maple. With extra cross-grain laminations for strength.

Faultless woods are finished with tough polyurethane. Four coats of it. Looks beautiful. And stays looking beautiful.

"That's no driver. That's a Wind Cheater!"

Lee knows driving into the wind is tough. Even for the pros. And he knows a slice is even worse trouble hit high into the air. So we made a deep-faced driver and reduced the

loft to 11 degrees. Gives you more topspin, too, for a good, long roll.



"Make them one at a time. One at a time." Faultless clubs aren't cranked out 500 at a crack. They're handmade. Handwrapped. Handground. So you're getting the finest custom-quality woods and irons at regular prices.

When you're finished looking at our woods, swing one of the new Faultless irons. Notice the 2° offset clubface. And the good balance this swing-weighting gives them.

Few clubs are better than these!

"If you buy my clubs, I'll arrange for you to get 12 Faultless golf balls free. They're longer, straighter and tougher because they're solid.

My compliments, Amigo."



Faultless 70's by Lee Trevino.

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The Legend of 100 Pipers.

Our legend says: sip a good Scotch
and you'll hear one piper.

Three or four if the Scotch is mellow.

But only the sip of a noble Scotch
will make 100 pipers play.

We don't ask you
to swallow our legend. Just a sip
now and then of the taste
that matches it.

100 Pipers Scotch.
From Seagram, Scotland.

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"He has his legs now, is fit and is ready to run. And the Preakness distance won't bother him one bit." Admiral's Shield is by Crozier, a very game runner, but Crozier wasn't his best at these distances, and there is nothing in his son's sixth-place Derby performance to suggest that Admiral's Shield is not a chip off the same sprinter's block.

That leaves Silent Screen, who had every possible chance to win the Derby—he had a length lead at the head of the stretch and an open road ahead of him—and failed. It could have been that he did not like the off track. It also could have been that he did not like the distance. For all his fine record of five wins in six starts last season, Sonny Werblin's chestnut has yet to win a race beyond a mile and 70 yards. The excuses he's had for his failures since then cannot obliterate the possibility that he may not be a classic colt.

Still, the Preakness, as our shortest classic race, affords an excellent winning chance to runners who are simply not up to the Derby's 10 furlongs or the Belmont's mile and a half. In fact, explains Woods Garth, "the pacesetter or the horse who stays just off the pace has the best chance in the Preakness. With the tighter turns at Pimlico, the winner who comes from behind has to be much the best horse." There is ample evidence to support this theory. Come-from-behind Preakness winners such as Carry Back, Tom Rolfe and Damascus were the best horses in their respective Preakness fields. On the other hand, the Preakness also has been won recently by such colts as Bold Ruler, Tim Tam, Rally Ace, Candy Spots, Northern Dancer, Katur King, Forward Pass and Majestic Prince, all of whom either stayed close up to the early pace or took the lead at the start and held it all the way. Only Damascus, incidentally, of all the above-named, went on to win the Belmont.

If you subscribe to this theory, the best Preakness chances must go to Silent Screen, Personality, Naskra and perhaps Plenty Old. A good deal of racing luck would be needed by High Echelon, Native Royalty, Burkashu or My Dad George. If Dust Commander can bring the rains to Pimlico, he could pull off another surprise—only this time it would not be a surprise. But if the track does come up fast, the call here is Personality, followed by My Dad George, Silent Screen and Naskra.

END

We made the tobacco for your favorite pipe.



Sail is blended in Holland from 14 of the world's smoothest, gentlest tobaccos. It's extra long cut to give you a slow-burning, cool smoke. Try it, it won't bite. Sail is imported in four blends from natural to fully aromatic. It will make your favorite pipe taste even better.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeijer  Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819. Available in handy pocket  pouches and larger size export tins.

HOW CAN A

Throughout 1969, a year in which he emerged as the leading money-winner on the golf tour, Frank Beard kept a diary. In it he wrote of the demanding, self-centered life of the real touring pro—the one without jet planes, secretaries and million-dollar contracts. Here, in Part 1 of a series, he recounts events that climax with that most common of all athletic situations: losing

by FRANK BEARD Edited by Dick Schoop



MISS 18-INCH

JAN. 1, Louisville: I'm not Arnold Palmer. I'm not Jack Nicklaus. I'm not one of the handful of superstars on the professional golf tour. I don't fly my own jet from tournament to tournament. I don't have my own equipment company. I don't have any fan clubs, and when I walk down the fairways, unless I'm playing with Arnie or Jack or Billy or somebody like that, I don't usually have much of a gallery to bother me. I'm a professional golfer—and a good one, I think—but I'm just not one of the glamorous boys. I haven't won a tournament in a year and a half, not since the 1967 Indianapolis 500 Festival. But I don't want anyone to waste any sympathy on me. Last year I became the first man in golfing history to earn more than \$100,000 in prize money without winning a tournament. I finished second three times and I placed among the top 15 in 19 tournaments, as often as any other golfer, more often than Palmer, Nicklaus and

Casper. The heart of my game is consistency.

Right now, a few months short of my 30th birthday, I should be approaching the peak of my game. I'm looking forward to the 1969 tour. I hate the traveling life, but I love to play golf, and I'd love to make this my biggest year. The tour's not what most people seem to think. It's not all sunshine and pretty girls and cheering crowds. It's a life without roots. It's a potentially rewarding life, but also a frustrating life. There's no real opponent except your own stupid mental and physical mistakes.

JAN. 4, Barnum Park, Calif.: "Hello, Frank. Boy, you look fat." Everyone is picking on my belly. I suppose I am getting fat. I'm up to 195 pounds, which doesn't spread out too well on my 6' body. I promise myself I'm going to go on a diet. Tomorrow.

The first thing I did today was put

out some fishlines about getting an automobile. I've got a car from the tournament committee for here, but I need one for the whole six or seven weeks out West. I could rent one, but it'd cost \$700, maybe \$800, and I don't see any sense in spending the money if I don't have to. I've been trying to pull every deal I know how to get a free car. I'd be happy to pose for publicity pictures in return for the use of a car. I'm just going to drive it for a few thousand miles and then turn it back in. So far, I haven't had any luck. I sure hope I don't wind up renting one. That's a lot of money just for driving around.

JAN. 15, Napo, Calif.: I'm worrying about my putting. I'm worrying about my whole game. I'm a chronic worrier, and it seems like I always have to have something to worry about. Right now my main concern is finishing among the top 60 money-winners for 1969. You've



PUTTS?

got to be in the top 60 to make it worthwhile to play the tour. For one thing, if you're in the top 60, you've earned at least \$30,000 in prize money, which means you're doing better than breaking even. But more important, as long as you stay in the top 60, you're exempt from qualifying during the following year. If you have to qualify each week, it's almost impossible to make a living. There's just too much strain, too much uncertainty. You never get a chance to relax. Most people'd think it's ridiculous for me to worry about making the top 60, that it'd be as simple as falling off a log. It should be and it has been and it probably will be—I suppose I'll be laughing at my fears by the end of the year—but I still can't help wondering whether I'm heading for another good year or for a slump. I've seen too many players, brilliant players, have fantastic starts in their careers, have five or six years like I've had on the tour, then go into

slumps lasting anywhere from one year to five. My wife, Pat, gets mad at me for worrying all the time, but I can't help it.

FRM. 4, Palm Springs—My good old four-wood seems to be coming along. I tell you, if I can get control of my fairway woods and my hunker shots, I'm going to be hell to beat in the Bob Hope Classic. They've laughed at my bunker shots too long out here.

The Hope is played on four different courses, and its last two rounds are on national TV Saturday and Sunday. I noticed today the cameras are all set up at Indian Wells, the host course. Naturally, the pairings are arranged so that Arnie and Jack and Cas and Lee Trevino and those boys'll be at Indian Wells Saturday to smile at the cameras. But not old Frank. Same story as the Crosby. Old Frank didn't quite make it with the big boys this year.

FRM. 7—I've got a real good caddie here, a boy named Tony Mullen. When we left the course today, I wrote a check for Tony for \$20 because he needed some spending money. We went to the bank together—I wanted to get some cash, too—and when Tony walked up to the lady teller, she looked at his check, made out to Tony Mullen and signed by Frank Beard. "You caddie for Frank Beard?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

She cashed the check and gave him his money.

Then I stepped up and she looked at my check, which was made out to cash. "Oh, you both work for Frank Beard," she lady said.

Before I could say anything, she said, "He must have a lot of caddies this week. What did he do—fire you?"

It sure is great to be a famous professional golfer.

FEB. 8—I'm ahead by two strokes, so I was summoned to the press tent today to review my round for the writers. I'd be lying if I didn't say it boosted my ego.

Outside the tent I saw Art Wall, and he was mad. Art told me that some reporter had asked him how he felt being two strokes behind Frank Beard and did he think Beard was going to blow tomorrow. Art was hot. "They never give any of us credit for being good players," he said. "They write off everybody but Casper and Nicklaus and Palmer. Why don't they tell the truth and say that Beard is heating the hell out of Nicklaus and Palmer this week?"

I've got to admit tonight that the pressure of being in the lead is a lot greater than the pressure of coming from behind. Still, I'd rather be in the lead. Anytime I can have a two-stroke advantage over 18 holes, I'll play any man alive. I've got two strokes now, and they're going to have to come and get me.

FEB. 9—What can I say? They got me. Casper won. He shot 66. I shot 74.

FEB. 12, Phoenix—After my pro-am round today I practiced my chipping and putting, and Gene Littler came over and asked me a serious question. "What do you look at, Frank, when you're stroking a putt?" he said. "Do you look at the ball, a spot on the ball, the putter, a spot on the putter, the green or the hole?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think I look at anything specific. I just try to keep my head steady and sort of watch the back of the ball, I guess. Why?"

"Just recently," Gene said, "I've found myself watching the putter go back instead of watching the ball."

"Has it hurt your putting?"

"No. I'm putting as well as I ever have in my life."

"Then what are you worried about?"

"I don't know," Gene said. "I just noticed I'm watching the putter, and I wondered if there was something wrong with that."

"Not if you're making the putts."

"Well, then," he said, "I'm not gonna worry anymore."

FEB. 16—With a 76 in the final round of the Phoenix Open, I dropped from a tie for ninth place clear out of the top 50. A tie for ninth was worth \$2,800. I won \$143. And the boys are having fun with my performances of the past two weeks. "Frank," said Al Balding, "you look like a sprint horse trying to run a mile race." Deane Beman and Steve Reid are calling me "Fast-Start Beard," and Deane, who's been very successful in the insurance business, has offered to sell me insurance on my Sunday rounds. It's a million laughs.

MARCH 5, Orlando, Fla.—Bob Goalby came over and proposed a deal to me. He's working with the Amana people, the ones who make deep freezers and refrigerators and things like that, and he wanted to know if I'd be willing to wear an Amana hat, just a regular golf hat with Amana written on it. Bob told me I'd get \$50 a week for wearing the hat; he said I was one of 20 pros he was asking. I told him to put me down and I'd start tomorrow if he wants me to. I don't like to wear hats—I think I look like Donald Duck in them—but for \$50 a week I'd wear feathers in my hair.

MARCH 23, Jacksonville, Fla.—I believe I've hit upon what's going to get me back into my winning ways. That's my concentration. I just haven't had my good concentration for a year now. I've been worrying about the holes I've already played and the holes I'm going to play, instead of concentrating on just one thing, the shot I'm about to hit. I suspect that the great golfers play each shot as if it's the only shot they're going to hit the rest of their lives.

APRIL 5, Greensboro, N.C.—I saw in the morning paper that Charlie Sifford had a pretty rough time yesterday. He and a couple of spectators got into a shouting match—I don't know what it was all about—and they yelled things at him like "Mass it, nigger" and "Fall down, nigger." Charlie's used to abuse—he's told me about letters he's received warning him not to enter certain tournaments or he'd be shot or his house'd

be blown up—but he hit the ceiling yesterday. Charlie missed the cut and he also missed his last chance to qualify for the Masters this year. The strange thing about Charlie having trouble with the gallery here is that Greensboro, as I recall, was the first tournament in the South to welcome him.

I'll tell you, it's easy to get a little touchy here in Greensboro. They've got tough spots—around the 7th, 16th and 18th holes—that are set up almost like picnic areas, and some of the fans sit there all day long, guzzling beer and eating hot dogs. It's certainly a minority who get raucous, but those few discourage a lot of players from coming to Greensboro each year.

APRIL 7, Augusta, Ga.—The azaleas are in bloom, the dogwood is blossoming and this little old Southern town is coming to life, just like it does every year for one week. It's hard to be depressed in this kind of setting. I played my first Masters in 1965, and I was absolutely awestruck. It must've taken me three hours to move from the registration desk out to the practice tee. That first year I was able to play a practice round with Henry Picard, Ralph Guldahl and Herman Keiser. Picard had won the Masters in 1939, Guldahl in 1939 and Keiser in 1946, and among them, with their permanent invitations, they'd played more than 160 rounds in the Masters. My round with them went faster than any round I've ever played in my life, it was so fascinating. They mentioned trees that had been knocked down by lightning and mounds that had been leveled, and they kept saying things like "Now here's where I made the shot that won me the Masters in 1939" or "Now here's where I had a putt to beat Nelson and it just slipped off the edge." And then Picard or Guldahl would line up the same putt and stroke it again and it'd slip off the edge again, and he'd shake his head sadly. For me, it was like participating in history. It was beautiful.

This course is beautiful, too, but it's not very difficult. I remember the first time I played it, I was kind of disappointed; I'd heard so much about how

hard it was to score well in the Masters, but I didn't find the course very demanding. If you brought a young boy in here and blindfolded him and didn't tell him he was playing the Masters course, he'd think it was pretty easy and shoot a good score. The problem is that you don't play here blindfolded.

APRIL 13—The first major tournament of the year is over, and I sure didn't do much. I'm really wondering about my golf game. I picked up a couple of thousand dollars, so my official earnings for the year are now around \$12,000, and my total earnings are just under \$30,000. I'm probably somewhere around 40th on the official list. I've always been a slow starter—I've never won a tournament played earlier in the year than the Masters—but this is ridiculous.

What's wrong with me? Why can't I get the ball in the hole?

APRIL 18, Louisville—After a few quiet days at home, just paying my bills and taking my semiannual physical (the doctor told me I'm fine except for one thing; I didn't really need him to tell me I'm too fat), my father and Patty sat me down and gave me a talking to. "You can play a lot better than you've been playing," my father said.

"Frank," Patty said, "you can be the best golfer in the world. You can be No. 1 if you just try."

They both felt that I'm not setting my goals high enough, that I'm not pushing myself, that I'm content just to make a good check each week. They're both on my side—I know that—but they were saying that I've been too lazy, that I haven't worked hard enough.

I'm going to give it a try. I'm going to practice more than I've ever practiced. I'm setting myself new goals.

But I don't know about No. 1. I don't know if I can aim that high.

APRIL 20, Dallas—I backed our two-year-old station wagon up to the door of our home in Louisville yesterday morning and loaded up. I dumped my golf bag in the trunk, then stacked five suitcases across the back, one for me, one

for Patty, one for Danny, one for Randy and a little one for the baby, Jennifer. I tossed in my shoes, a bag of toys, a bassinet, a box of Pampers, a few bottles of Enfamil, some road maps and a bag of sandwiches, cookies, candy and Cokes. Then we spread out a blanket in the back for Danny and Randy to play on, piled all the children into the car and took off for the pro golf tour.

As we were pulling out of our driveway, I turned to Patty and said, "Could you imagine Arnie or Jack traveling like this?" They probably flew over us in their private planes on their way to Dallas.

APRIL 21—First thing this morning I looked at the newspaper to see how Arnie did in the Tournament of Champions. He stuck it to me. He finished strong, tied for third place and won \$10,000. Now he's almost \$5,000 ahead of me in our race for the final exemption for the U.S. Open [a qualifying exemption based on the money list]. The only way I can possibly overtake him is by finishing in the top three here in the Byron Nelson Classic. I'm going to give it a run, but I'm not overconfident. I haven't placed in the top three in any tournament in almost nine months.

After breakfast I went out to the Preston Trail Golf Club, one of the most beautiful courses we'll play all year, and I ran into Charlie Coody and his wife, Lynette. I told Charlie how hard I was pulling for him to win the Masters.

"I had it all locked up," he said. "All

I had to do was finish and it was mine." Charlie shook his head.

He seemed a little downhearted, but he didn't look like he was going to cut his throat or anything. Then he went in to register, and Lynette told me Charlie really took it a lot harder than he was showing. "It just wasn't like him," she said. "He looked and acted as if he'd been horseshipped. I never saw him like that before. I almost wish he'd never had a taste of the chance to win. I know he's man enough to throw it off, but right now he wakes up every morning with a little scar on his face, and I can't help but see it."

APRIL 22—I can't remember the last time I dreamed about golf—or anything else, for that matter—but this morning I woke up with a nightmare. In my dream I couldn't make a putt. I couldn't get the ball to the hole. I don't know why. I was hitting them straight. But the ball wouldn't go in the hole. It was the worst dream I've ever had in my life. I guess my putting's bothering me more than I'll admit—and I'll admit it's bothering me plenty.

APRIL 24—The last person I saw before I teed off today was Arnie. By coincidence, he drew a starting time for today and tomorrow right behind mine. As I walked to the first tee, Arnie gave me a look and one of his majestic grins, like he was saying, "Well, buddy, did I put it to you last week at the Tournament of Champions? I'm down here to beat you out of that U.S. Open spot."

continued



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Frank Beard, 31, the son of a Louisville teaching pro, has been on the golf tour since 1962. He is known for his conservatism, his lack of color, his remarkable putting and his ability to win money—nearly \$600,000 in eight years. This story is an excerpt from his book (*Pro: Frank Beard on the Golf Tour*), which is being published this month by Maddick Manuscripts Inc. (\$6.95).

We played the back nine first, and the crucial hole for me was the second one I faced, the 11th, a par-3 with water running along the right side of the green. I decided early this week that I was going to gamble a little and go after holes like this instead of shying away from them. I got up on the tee and I knew that if my swing didn't come off just right I was going to smack the ball into the water. It was a psychological challenge. I aimed right at the edge of the water, and my shot held the line and came up eight feet from the cup. I knocked it in for a deuce. For 16 holes I was two under par, but then I lost my concentration and finished bogey-bogey for an even-par 70. Arnie came in a few minutes later with a 69.

The king doesn't let up.

APRIL 25—The wind blew up like crazy this morning, and I thought, "Oh, God, here I go, down the drain again." I can't stand to play in wind, but when I sank a 25-foot putt for a birdie on the 2nd hole I stopped worrying so much about the wind. Then I really got hot. Old Arnie was playing right behind me, and I kept turning around and giving him the evil eye. He couldn't see my face, but I was sort of saying to myself, "Stick that in your kilt, Palmer." I knew that every time I sank a putt he had to see it and groan a little. I ended up with a 67. Now I'm three under for the tournament and tied for the lead with Bruce Devlin and Bert Greene. Arnie shot a 75; I guess he didn't have much fun watching my birdies.

APRIL 26—I picked up a couple of quick birdies today and moved two strokes ahead of the field, then faltered and shot a couple of bogeys to slip back to even par after 12 holes. I purred in from there for a 70, but I should've shot a 67. I had birdie putts of six feet, three feet and four feet on the 14th, 15th and 16th holes, and I missed all three. Arnie shot a 69 today, so he's six strokes behind me. I've got to come in first or second to be sure of beating him out.

I don't feel too tense tonight. I don't have the pressure of leading the tour-

namment, just the pressure of having to finish high and beat Arnie. And I'm confident of one thing. With Bob Charles and Trevino at four under, Bruce Devlin and me at three under, Bruce Crampton at one under and nobody else below par, I've got a helluva chance of coming in low North American.

APRIL 27—When I got up this morning, the big stud pro golfer with a shot at winning the Byron Nelson Classic, I started stuffing toys and suitcases and diapers into the station wagon, jamming everything in. I swear we had more stuff than when we started the week. I don't know whether we buy it or it just materializes.

Patty dropped me at the course, then left the kids at a nursery so that she could walk with me. On my way to the first tee, a young fellow wearing a Coca-Cola driver's uniform ran up to me and said, "Mr. Beard, could I bother you just for a second?"

"I'm kind of in a hurry," I said, "but what can I do for you?"

"Well," he said, "I was watching you practice, and whenever you hit your bad ones your body was getting out in front of your hands and your hands were falling way behind and it gave you kind of a whiplash. If you'd just slow your body down a little bit and let your hands catch up, you'd eliminate all those bad shots. Just stop lagging your hands behind your body." I was absolutely stupefied. I should have told him how to drive a Coke truck.

On the 4th hole, after three pars, I missed a 30-inch putt—just 2½ feet—and took a bogey. I got really mad at myself. "Now, c'mon, Beard," I told myself. "Let's play some golf."

I started hitting some unbelievable shots, but just like in my dream the other night, I couldn't get the ball in the hole. On the 5th hole I had a six-foot putt for a birdie. On the 6th I had a 10-footer for a birdie. On the 7th I had a four-footer for a birdie. And on the 9th I had another 10-footer for a birdie. I missed every one of them. I wasn't getting the ball up to the hole.

After nine holes I had a 36, one over

par, and I was in front of my playing partner, Trevino, who shot a 39, and even with Charles, but I was two strokes behind Devlin. On the 12th, looking for a birdie, I gambled on my drive and caught the edge of the rough and took a bogey to fall three strokes behind Devlin.

On the 15th, a long par-5, I chipped my third shot up 18 inches from the cup, practically a tap-in. But I didn't get careless. I lined the putt up, hit the ball exactly where I was looking—and missed. The ball hit in the cup and bounced out and sat there, sticking out its tongue at me. I had to settle for a par. I was still one under for the tournament and three shots behind Devlin, and then, playing right in front of me, Bruce bogeyed the 16th.

Trevino and Charles had shot themselves out of contention, and Devlin was sharing first place, at three under, with Bruce Crampton, who'd birdied four out of his last five holes. I was two strokes behind. If I'd made that 18-inch putt, I'd have only been one stroke back.

I didn't quit. I parred 16 and birdied 17. Crampton bogeyed the 18th, so, standing in the 18th fairway after my drive, I knew I needed a birdie to tie Devlin. Just as I reached for my club, I saw Palmer's jet fly overhead. He'd finished with a 69 for 282 and tied for eighth place, which was worth close to \$3,000. He wasn't even staying around to see whether I beat him out or not. It must've been my imagination, but I thought that he was kind of razzing me with his jet.

I took a three-iron and I didn't hit it too well. I came up about 30 feet short of the hole. I studied the green, then stepped up and hit the ball right on line. I thought I'd hit it hard enough, but I hadn't been able to gauge the greens all day. It stopped five feet short. Devlin had the championship, his first victory in three years.

Suddenly, before I could even feel let down, a whole bunch of thoughts started going through my mind. If I missed my next putt, I'd fall out of a tie for second place with Crampton, I'd give up about \$3,500 and I wouldn't win enough money to beat Arnie out of that

continued



(A philosophic fragment from the MONEY file of frustrating cases)

MONEY MAN: Remember, sir, life's paths take funny twists, and there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and he who hesitates...

SOCRATES: Hold on, friend! Philosophy is my thing. Do your own thing. Insurance.

MONEY MAN: Just getting to it, Mr. Socrates. Look at the amount of coverage your drachmas buy with a MONEY life policy.

SOCRATES: Wouldn't my wife Xanthippe like that! Might curb her awful temper.

MONEY MAN: And another thing. The

reputation of MONEY is so fine it is predicted that in just 2,374 years over 1,450,000 people will be covered by our life and health policies. (Ed. Note: Not a bad estimate. The 1969 report showed 1,585,000.)

SOCRATES: Still, I must say no. The idea of my drinking hemlock is utterly ridiculous. Absolutely preposterous.

Ed. Note: As history sadly records, Socrates some years later was forced to drink poisonous hemlock...leaving wisdom for the world but no drachmas for the family. Which brings us to the following modern philosophy.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONEY.

MONEY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

U.S. Open exemption. My whole week would've been wasted.

I was facing the same kind of putt I'd been missing all day. I didn't spend much time fiddling over it. I lined it up, hit it good and firm and watched it roll right into the hole. So I tied for second place, won \$9,250 and, by a margin of about \$1,200, beat old Arnie out of the Open exemption.

Which was fine, but I didn't win the tournament. I guess I just wasn't aggressive enough to finish first today, and I suppose I should feel disappointed. If I'd made that 18-inch putt on 15, I'd have forced Devlin into a playoff.

MAY 1, *New Orleans*—Old Frank Beard turned 30 today, and I went out and gave myself a 67 for a birthday present. I'm not leading the tournament—Kermit Zarky and Lee Elder shot 66s—but I'm right up there, the way an old tour veteran should be. I felt kind of ancient teeing off, because I read in the paper this morning that Jack Nicklaus said his age was catching up to him. Jack is 29.

One of the local sports editors is waging a war against George Archer. George is the defending champion in the New Orleans Open, but he's not playing this week. He sent word that he burned his hand lighting a cigarette and got a blister and can't swing a club. This sports editor said today that even if Archer really is hurt—and he doubted it—George had a moral obligation to come down here and watch the tournament because he's defending champion and the new Masters champion. I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life as expecting a man to travel 2,000 miles from his home in California just to watch a golf tournament. Some of these writers are beyond belief.

MAY 2—I had a late tee time today, but Patty saw to it that I didn't waste the morning. She had me chasing around town looking for diapers and baby milk and picking up the laundry, and then she pushed me into buying some new socks. I got 10 pairs, and as far as I'm concerned that'll last me forever. But I

know that six months from now Patty'll be yelling at me again to buy some more. I guess I do have a responsibility to look halfway decent, but it just seems like wasted cash to me.

By the time I got to tee off the early starters had come in, and I looked at a scoreboard and saw that Davy Hill was leading at nine under par. I set myself a goal of 10 under. I don't usually watch anybody else's score, but I did today, and I got right to work on beating Davy. I finished the round with 13 pars and five birdies for my second straight 67. So I'm 10 under for the tournament. For the first time this year I'm all alone in first place after two rounds. And I'm ready to charge again tomorrow. To hell with pars and trying to play conservatively. I'm going to go out and shoot me another 67.

MAY 3—If I was ever going to run away with a tournament, I should have done it today. I must've had 10 makable putts for birdies, and I missed six of them. What hurt even worse was that I missed an 18-inch putt for a par on the fourth hole. It was nothing more than a little tap-in, but I marked my ball, cleaned it off, looked at it from all four sides, took my stance and, just as I drew back my putter, the crowd around the 6th green, which is right behind the 4th green, let out a big roar. I almost jumped. My putt missed the hole completely. I didn't even touch the corner.

I came in with a 69, and now I'm tied for first place with Hill, who shot a 68. We're both three strokes ahead of the field.

I'm nervous tonight, nervous because I'm so close to winning a tournament. It feels like a hungry man getting ready to dig into a thick steak. Winning a tournament means so much. It's \$20,000 in the bank and \$20,000 on the money list, and it's a lot more than that. It opens up so many doors. I want to win so bad I can taste it. I wonder if fellows like Palmer and Nicklaus and Casper, who've won so many tournaments, still get this feeling when they're close to winning. For somebody like me—I've won only six tournaments in my

career—it's like a kid waiting for Christmas.

I'm kind of pooped physically, and I hope I'll be able to channel my nervousness tomorrow and use it as an asset. I've been under the pressure of leading or being close to the lead for seven straight rounds of competition now, and it's wearing me down. I guess this is when I find out whether or not I'm made of championship fiber.

MAY 4—How the hell can a man finish second two weeks in a row on this tour and be anything but happy?

And that's just what I am tonight—anything but happy.

I still don't believe what happened. I don't believe I could have given away a tournament like I did. The first three rounds here I played just as well as I can play, and today I played even better. And I lost. I gave it away. I don't want to believe it.

I was nervous this morning, as nervous as I've ever been in my life, but I was determined, too. I told Patty I was going to go out and win this thing today. She believed me. I believed me, too.

The first five holes I peked up routine pars—down the middle, on the green, two putts. The 6th hole, a par-5, I got on in two and two-putted for a birdie. Then I parred the next three holes, and by the time I got to the turn I was one under for the day and 14 under for the tournament.

Dave Hill was second, still at 13 under, and Larry Hinson had moved up to third. Hinson's a young boy whose left arm is shorter than his right as the result of polio. He started today at eight under, but by the time I'd finished nine holes he'd finished 13 and had moved up to 12 under.

On the 10th hole I hit a good drive down the middle of the fairway and—I feel like a man describing his own execution—when I reached the ball I found it sitting in a little hole full of clover. It was worse than being in the rough. I was 175 yards from the green, and I had absolutely no idea what the ball would do when I hit it. I guessed it would fly out of the clover, so I took a

continued

The unTuesday phenomenon.

It has come to our attention that some of you out there are drinking Teacher's Scotch on days other than Tuesday.



We feel duty-bound to remind everyone again that, in strictest point of fact, we have actually settled on Tuesday as the official, approved day to savour Teacher's, the cream of Highland whiskies.

In consequence the Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday enjoyment of Teacher's must technically be considered unauthorized.

Enough said.

Thank you for your lack of cooperation.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

Give us four weeks and we'll give you a new advertising program.



Friendly Reminders. In four weeks we can do something about those plain, drab paper products, you're now using.

That's all it takes from the time you okay our color sketches until you have an exciting printed promotion in your hands.

Borrow a little interest. Bankers and businessmen take note. Just look what Fort Howard printed promotions can do for you. Here's an idea that's good for any businessman. Donate napkins with your message to local civic groups.

If you're an auto dealer, a printed napkin with a cup of coffee can add just the soft-sell you need at model introduction time.

Or use them in your service area.

Leave one in the car for people to wipe off the steering wheel—just in case your mechanic forgot. The cost for all this interest? Really very low.

For safety's sake. Safety is a habit, not just a hard-hat. So why not make it a habit to order your cafeteria napkins printed with safety reminders.

The cost? Only pennies. And they just might remind someone to prevent an accident.

The Idea People. There are hundreds of ideas where these came from—Fort Howard. Write us on your business letterhead and we'll send one of our men over to talk to you about them. Four weeks. That's a short wait for a new image.



Fort Howard Paper

Green Bay, Wisconsin 54305

HOW CAN A **PRO** rebound

six-iron. I usually hit a six-iron about 160 yards. I figured that even if the ball flew, I'd come up a bit short of the pin, in good position. I hit the ball right toward the stick, right at the stick, right over the stick. I went way over the green, almost into a creek. I'd hit the six-iron at least 190 yards, and it just about broke my heart. I wedged back up and left myself an eight-foot putt for my par. The putt stopped on the lip. I had a bogey, and I'd lost my one-stroke lead. I almost got sick to my stomach.

But I made up my mind I wasn't going to quit without a fight. On the next hole, a long par-5, I sank an eight-footer for a birdie, and then when I parred five holes in a row I was back in front. I was 14 under, and Larry Hinson was in the clubhouse at 13 under. Hill had slipped out of contention. All I had to do was par the last two holes for my first tournament victory in two years. I was a cinch. I'd bogeyed only one of my previous 52 holes.

I took a three-iron on the 17th, a par-3, and, instead of going for the pin, I safely favored the center of the green. I made the green but left myself a long putt, maybe 40 or 50 feet. I stroked it just right. The ball hit the hole dead in the center, jumped out and rolled 18 inches behind the cup. I marked my ball, replaced it, lined it up from every angle, took my stance, took my grip, took my time, didn't hurry it, didn't jump at it, didn't try to steal anything—and the next thing I knew, the ball was past the hole. I'd missed another 18-inch putt. I wanted to jump in my car and leave. I didn't want to play the last hole.

Now I needed a birdie on the 18th. I hit a real good drive and then a seven-iron 15 feet from the hole. So I had a good chance to win right there. I hit probably the best putt I've made in two years. It caught the inside of the cup on the left, caromed to the back and popped out two inches behind the hole.

I tapped in my two-incher, and Larry Hinson, whose caddy wore No. 1 on his back all week, and Frank Beard, whose caddy wore No. 13, went back to the 15th hole—for the benefit of the TV cameras—and started a playoff. I wasn't ner-

continued

AN AMAZINGLY RAPID AND EFFECTIVE NEW WAISTLINE REDUCER

The Incredible New

SAUNA BELT™

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

SAUNA BELT—the first really new idea in slenderizing in years produces sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline—for men or women—and without the need for dieting. Users report unbelievable results like these—results which speak for themselves:

Bob Butler: "The Sauna Belt has helped me to melt the inches away—2 inches off my waistline the first time I used it—a total loss of 4 inches in 6 days."

Mr. Karl Hoagland: "Always a great skeptic—for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week, I lost 2½ inches from my waistline. A 'Blue Ribbon' for Sauna Belt."

H. J. Faircloth, Jr.: "Lost 4½ inches from my waist in just one week. Magnificent thing! Outstanding practical results. I'd order over and over again."

WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEW "SAUNA BELT"? The Sauna Belt is made from a special non-porous plastic material. It is completely different from any other belt on the market that makes waist reducing claims. The Sauna Belt is placed around your waist, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, the belt is inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the belt is inflated it will tighten itself around your waist and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support throughout your waistline and lower back. After the belt is in place and inflated, you will then perform the two "magic" waistline-reducing exercises specially adapted for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specially designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and supporting pressure to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—and when you remove the belt—voilà!—a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.

HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for waistline maintenance, you can use the belt about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this "magic" belt. The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember this: You must lose from 1 to 3 inches from your waistline in just 3 days or you may return the belt and your entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT...AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95. Nothing else that we have heard, nothing else that we have seen, nothing else that we know of can give the sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt.



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate—and you are ready to do your two "magic" waist reducing exercises. 5 to 10 minutes.
2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt secured your waist.
3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many have lost an inch or more the very first day.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt is the fastest, surest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective waistline reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee. Men or women, if your waistline is not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt for only 3 days, you may simply return the belt to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question. So if you want a trimmer, slimmer, firmer, tighter waistline and you want it now—send for your Sauna Belt today and discover what a remarkable difference it can make in the way you look and the way you feel. It will be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

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Please send me the Sauna Belt along with complete any size instruction, including the two "magic" waist reducing exercises. I understand that if I do not lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days I can return the belt to Sauna Belt Inc. and receive my money back.
For each Sauna Belt and complete instructions I enclose \$9.95.
☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ (No COD's)
If you wish your belt shipped by mail to you, we like you send for additional postage.
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Cook ☐ Men's waist size _____ Women's waist size _____
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Not a minute lost checking or claiming with this little bag (big enough, by

the way, to hold a 3-day supply of clothes).

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HOW CAN A PRO *continued*

vous. I was dejected. I kept telling myself that I shouldn't be in a playoff, that I should have won the thing outright.

On the 15th, a par-5, Hinson hit his drive into the rough, then caught a tree with his second shot and bounced off into the rough again, behind a pair of cypress trees. He looked like he was dead, but he sliced his third shot onto the green and two-putted for a par without ever touching the fairway. I'd birdied the hole Thursday and Saturday, but I backed my way to a par, too.

We both got routine pars on the 16th, then moved to the 17th, where I'd three-putted only an hour earlier. Larry put his tee shot on the edge of the green about 20 feet from the pin. I hooked my shot onto the fringe, about 25 feet from the cup. I hit first, trying to chip the ball in, and I was a little strong. My ball rolled four or five feet past the hole. Hinson putted up to within a foot of the cup, a tap-in.

That was it. I missed my putt, he made his and it was all over. I handed the tournament to Larry Hinson on a silver platter, a gift from Frank Beard.

The only way I could possibly lose today was to give it away, and I did it. I had everything going for me—good course, good weather, good caddy—and I blew it. I've got no excuses. Judging from the past two weeks, the biggest weakness in my game right now is 18-inch putts.

Patty and I had the saddest dinner tonight. The kids were with a babysitter and we sat alone, just the two of us. I didn't have anything to say. I couldn't get out of my depression. You just don't get many streaks like I've had in the past two weeks. You just don't get that many chances to win tournaments. It made me sack the way I'd wasted my chances. Two 18-inch putts!

Patty tried to cheer me up. "There's always next week," she said. Sure Maybe I can finish second again.

NEXT WEEK

Victory comes at last, preceeded by tension, accompanied by wealth and followed by the discovery that winning has its perils.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA**. The feigned Willie Reed holds the title Madison Square Garden for the decisive seventh game—providing the objection for the **NEW YORK KNICKS** to host the Los Angeles Lakers for the 133-96 (post 49).

AFLA. After splitting the first two games of their dramatic duel, **INDIANA** and **LOS ANGELES** overpowered Kentucky and Detroit in the final three to win their way into the championship. Freddie Lewis, a playoff record 37 out of 37 foul shots in the Pacers' 114-110 sixth-game win and Roger Brown scored 13 points in their 111-103 fourth win—his 100th career 100-point game. The Pacers' 114-110 fourth win was the first 114-110 and 100-97, with Mary Jackson scoring the game-winning basket on a jump shot with 16 seconds left.

BOXING—**VICENTE SALDIVAR** of Mexico came out of retirement to dominate the world featherweight championship. He beat a strong left hook to knockout Anthony Fenech of Australia and won a unanimous 15-round decision. It was only Saldivar's second fight since 1967.

CHESS—**ANASTAS BOBBY FISCHER** won the International Tournament at Zagreb, Yugoslavia, with 17 points. He beat Russian Eugene Petrov in the final round to gain a two-point margin over the world's best chess player.

GOLF—**C. L. GILBERT**, a club pro from Florida, posted his first major victory in the \$115,000 **Hooten Champs** on International Invitational—a tournament made available by the return of Tiger Hogan (page 18)—in the 360 hole of sudden-death overtime, securing a shoot put for a par. He had his first Australian Open Championship in 1967.

SANDRA HAYNE won her second straight Silverpoint (L.A.) Women's International with a final-round 72 and total 214, two under par. She had beaten the two strokes of the leaders with a second-round 59 on the 6,250-yard Huntington Park course. Fresh from a victory in Raleigh two weeks ago, Sandra Hayne added the \$2,750 first prize from the \$115,000 total to remain second to Carol Munn as the money-winning lady for the year.

HARNESS RACING—Red Sherry Stables' **FULLA TAPLETON** (\$27,201) won the \$10,000 **Mary's Cashman Pace** at Yonkers to take the first leg of the \$150,000 International Pacing Series. Dick Clements drove the 5-year-old to a two-length win over Ram Customer in 3:01 1/2 for the 11th mile. It proved Good Chase was a rising star.

HOCKEY—**THE BOSTON BRUINS** captured their 20th Stanley Cup in 29 years, defeating the New York Rangers in the decisive seventh game in St. Louis 4-1, 6-2. The next 6-1 at home. In the final match, Bobby Orr scored the decisive goal after 40 seconds of overtime, giving Boston a 4-3 victory and handing the Blues a 12th straight loss as first-round games in three seasons (only 10).

HORSE RACING—Hickory Tree Stable's **HAGGLEY** (\$5,261) led most of the way to capture the \$39,700 **Withers** at Aqueduct by two lengths over Delamater Chief, with Latti holding on to a two-length win over Ram Customer in 3:01 1/2 for the 11th mile. It proved Good Chase was a rising star.

Responding to Jurga Valerijus' whim in the stretch, Rocky White's **FOUR MARCH** (34-46) overtook a 1 1/2-length win over War Canon in the \$57,500 **Duke of Pentium**. He crossed the goal line with a half in a track-record time of 2:27 1/2. Single Carve closed lost to take third, one-half length back. Carlo Vanden's **ORTIS** reacted to a comfortable win in the \$169,000 **Italian Derby**, Italy's richest horse race, beating Alcazar by 1 1/2 lengths, with Revenant third. Rodden by Fern Taylor, the winner covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:34 1/2, to take home a first prize of \$15,000.

LACROSSE—**HOLDS HOPKINS** spent precisely one-third of his \$12,000 at Annapolis, as Navy's All-American goalie Lesmie Siskin won a \$1,000 prize and led the team to its first first-place Hopkins, Navy, Army and Virginia now head into the final week of the season with only one left to play.

MOTOR RACING—**DAVID PEARSON** was the 14th Best 400 at the Darlington (S.C.) International Raceway, driving his Ford at an average speed of 131.8 mph deeper four-octane flag, that showed the race for 31 laps. Pearson took the lead on the 27th of 291 laps and was never seriously challenged. Veteran Richard Petty, stock-car racing's all-time scores and events winner, survived a spectacular spinout during the 13th lap, emerging with no damage.

Vietnam Driver **FARNELLI JONES** led all the way to win his second race in the Thermo-Lite series at Jones Race (Louisiana) Park, finishing one lap ahead of the 14th-place Lamm driven by La Lema. Jones, driving a Mustang, completed 146 laps of the 1 1/2-mile course during the 2 1/2-hour run.

Austria's **JOCHEN RINDT** captured the Monaco Grand Prix in a surprise finish, clearing the race line when Australian Jack Brabham stalled off the lead as the final corner. Rindt's total time for the 106-mile, 81-lap course was 1:24.50, an average of 81.664 mph, and he measured the final corner in a record 46.37 mph. Brabham recovered quickly enough to finish second, and Henry Pescarolo of France was third. Aroldo Jacchi of Switzerland suffered engine trouble and gave up on the 62nd lap.

ROWING—**HARVARD** swept last year's **Adams Cup** defeat by outpacing Penn in the last 300 meters at Westport, Mass. To win the Eastern Sprint Series brought about a dramatic change in the coxswain crew. Aided by a strong tailwind, the Harvard crew finished the 2,000 meters in a record 11 minutes, 34.1 seconds, beating Penn by the wire by half a boatlength. Princeton was third, a length farther back. For the last three years, the Harvard and Penn crews have lost only to each other, and end this season with one victory each in their class.

SHOOTING—**AUSTRALIAN** **TEUNISBOOD** of Rotterdam gained a 2-1 overtime victory over the U.S. 1-0 to take the European Cup before 80,000 in Milan, Italy.

TENNIS—**KEITH DIERFRAAM** of South Africa won the Murray hard-court tennis championship in California, defeating defending champion John Patterson 6-4, 6-0. Mrs. **MARGARET COURT** of Australia overpowered Pam Hoagie of the U.S. 6-4, 6-2 for the women's title.

TRACK & FIELD—**WILLIE MCGEE** of Akron, Ohio, captured the 500-yard world record for the 100-yard dash in a preliminary heat of the South-eastern Athletic Conference meet at Houston. He also won the 100-yard dash in 9.5, but with a wind that exceeded permissible allowances. Previous holders of the mark are Bob Hayes, Jim Hines and Charlie Greese.

WRESTLING—**BEGINNING**. Virtual year-round training in Florida, with the opening of a 121-day two-week meet at Tropical Park, leaving only a two-week break at the end of the season before winter racing resumes.

RETIRED. East Germany's **GABRIELE STEFFEL**, reigning women's world figure-skating champion, and East Germany's last figure skater, announced their last Berlin gave no season, and only that from now on she will be active as a trainer in her native city of Karl-Marx-Stadt.

UNKEITHING. Dennis Lee (age 43) and concurrent Greenpeace and a **KARL SCHIRAZ** announced that he has decided to retire as an amateur All-Ireland 500 yard race, after 10 years. He made an unblemished record of 10 years, then an Olympic gold medal at Salsboro in 1972.

DIED. **Dr. DUDLEY DEGRUIT**, 50, assistant Southern football captain and a 1936 Olympic medalist in rugby, after a heart attack, in El Capitan, Calif. Dr. DeGruit was a longtime college football coach, and was head coach of the Western Redskins when they won the Eastern Division NFL crown in 1945.

DIED. **WALTER B. DEVEREUX**, 60, president of the American Horse Shows Association since 1954. He was born in 1904 and was a member of the United States Equestrian Team after a long illness.

DIED. **JENN MORRIS**, 71, coach of more than 300 national and world sprint champions, with French, British, and American records, of aquatic offered in an automobile accident.

CREDITS

4—Bud Ekins; 14, 15—Walter Jones Jr.; 16—Gordon Ripley; 17—Walter Jones Jr.; 22, 24—Sherry; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DON CAMPBELL, a 6' 2", 196-pound left-hander for Western Montana College, was pitched doubleheader to win his four-year mark to 23-0. And in 51 innings as starter and reliever, the anti-ball special Western given up an earned run and has 34 strikeouts.



STEVE ROBBINS, a senior at Omaha's Benson High, set a Nebraska high-school record with a total of 456 points in 11 dives in the 1970 season. He won a state meet. A three-time winner at the Midwest AAU's, he suffered only one loss in 36 dual meets at high school.



WILLIAM MOK, 12, led both his Pac West Division (age 11-12) and the entire Dayton (Ohio) Amateur Hockey Association in scoring with 71 goals and 22 assists during the 24-game regular season. He also scored 19 points in 10 All-Star all-star games.



MIKE WILSON, 19, a math major who has been surfing four years, won individual honors in the Western Collegiate Surfing Championships and led Long Beach State over UCLA in the team event. The contest was held on the artificial lagoon at Terceira, Azores.



JULIE ANRA, a U.S. record for boys and girls 10 and under, running the mile in 5:33.50—just a shot of the world mark. The 10-year-old from Raleigh, N.C., carrier had set a 5:33.50 American record for her age and sex with a 2:35.4 half mile at the Duke Durham relay.



TOM MASTERSON, JR., a 19-year-old second-place All-Ireland hurler to Florida, stretched his undefeated string in the 154-pound division to 103 matches with goals totaled in the Eastern College league at Yale and the Southern Championship. He also scores the sport.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BAD EARTH

Sirs:

It is encouraging to see a government official taking action on behalf of the people despite opposition from vested interests and from status-quo Administration members.

The Earth as Seen from Alaska, May 4). But Secretary Huckle's blithe dismissal of the present population crisis is appalling. Someone must convey to Mr. Huckle and to all of us Americans the idea that, because of our extremely high standard of living, one new child in this country puts a demand on the environment many times greater than that of a new child in an underdeveloped nation. Some people have estimated that the American's demand is as much as 50 times greater than that of the poor Hindu peasant. It is indeed myopic to cite vast areas of empty space and contend that population is a future problem for the U.S. It is a very present menace.

TERRY W. LIGHT

Annapolis, Pa.

Sirs:

Secretary of the Interior Walter Huckle's views about population explosion simply don't make sense. When I fly above 30,000 feet in an airplane, I see a brown cloud of polluted air and every bit of arable land plowed up. I see forests disappearing and lakes whose shores are covered by housing. Why not realize that those "empty" spaces, where the Secretary sees room for 10,000 and 15,000-population towns, are even now feeding the cancers of Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles—you name it? Look at the arithmetic:

1850 world population—one billion

1950 world population—two billion

2000 world population—seven billion

2050 world population—14 billion

It takes only high school mathematics to realize that the curve is exponential, but apparently this does not convince either the Pope or the Secretary of the Interior.

B. J. SOLAK

Secane, Pa.

Sirs:

If Walter Huckle views the butchery of Alaska's North Slope by a few powerful oil companies as progress, I shudder to think what he has planned for the rest of the world.

CIRUS NORBY

Fullerton, Calif.

MARYLAND'S REPLY

Sirs:

You were right to say of Peter Carry's story, *They're Not Going to Like It in Maryland* (May 4). We didn't like it, the article, that is. Although it is true that lacrosse has found another home in Long Island, Baltimore still is the lacrosse capital of the world, and the Maryland Scholastic Association still produces the finest lacrosse players. Right now, I don't think that there is one high school team in New York that could beat Towson High School, St. Paul's School or Loyola High School. Mr. Carry was correct in stating that Maryland prep

continued

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cook one side of a minute steak...
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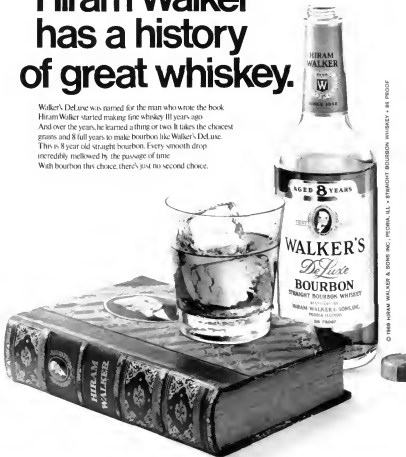
And the smartest thing we can do is support it—and build upon it.

**If NATO wasn't here,
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For further information, write to The Atlantic Council, 1616 H Street N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

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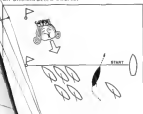


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Start the Race Right.

If the starting line is crowded and confused, you may do well to cross down wind of the pack. The few yards farther you are from the mark are often made up by having a clear wind and an unobstructed course.



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Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. © 1981 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

10TH HOLE *continued*

schools no longer completely dominate Maryland lacrosse. Now, many public and Catholic high schools have become lacrosse powers. And these Maryland high schools are every bit as tough as Long Island high schools. For instance, the Maryland Scholastic Association, the toughest conference in the country—or for that matter, the world—is being led by Loyola and St. Paul's. Eleven of Loyola's 24 team members played on its varsity football team, which won the MSA championship last fall, so they're not on top just because of fancy stick handling.

BILL LOVING

Baltimore

Sirs:

As an avid Baltimore sports fan, I noticed that the alleged New York Syndrome started not when the Jets beat the Colts but when the Long Island Athletic Club defeated the previously invincible Mount Washington Wolfpack for the club lacrosse championship in 1968. But because lacrosse teams are not accorded the publicity received by the Colts, Bullets and Orioles, we lacrosse fans were able to suffer in silence and escape national ridicule and shame. This year, however, the Pack is back. So what do we read in SI? That club lacrosse is again dominated by New Yorkers. It just so happens that this season Mount Washington has whipped the Long Island A.C. and the New York L.C. by scores of 8-6 and 11-8.

How about that, New York fans?

MARTIN NOONAN

York, Pa.

TROUBLED WATERS

Sirs:

Since I am an overseas reader of SI it was just last week that I received the issue of your magazine that contained Robert Boyle's article on pollution and the Penn Central pipe (*My Struggle to Help the President*, Feb. 16). As I read it the idea came that the cure for a bad situation such as the oil pipe and its effect on the ecology of the Hudson may not be fines or merely preventive measures.

Many roads in rural areas of the U.S., the South especially, are dirt-surfaced. In dry months they create minor air-pollution problems, and in wet they become bogs. Why shouldn't the waste oil from railroad engine shops be used to oil down these roads instead of being dumped into America's streams? Then two problems would be solved at once.

Having worked two summers with the Christian ministry in the National Parks program, I have a heightened awareness of man's responsibility as steward of the natural riches God has granted us. Thus I am pleased to see your publication take

continued



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"And sound is sacred."

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19TH HOLE *continued*

up the cause of saving the good earth from man, for man.

TIM RYAN RICHARD F. MCCLEERY
Beijing, Kong

CONVERSELY SPEAKING

Sirs:

Maybe the people who advertise in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should keep in closer touch with the events reported in the magazine. I specifically refer to an advertisement by the Converse Rubber Company in the April 27th SI, page 27. In this ad Converse claims that every team in the latest NCAA basketball finals wore Converse basketball shoes. Unless Converse has surreptitiously introduced a three-striped model basketball shoe, your photograph on page 17 of the March 30th SI seems to indicate that the majority, if not all, of the UCLA and Jacksonville players were wearing Adidas, not Converse, shoes.

WILLIAM E. FISHER

Middleton, Wis.

BALL FOUR

Sirs:

I am writing this letter in response to Mr. Gallagher's remarks on the intentional walk (19th HOLE, April 27). Being from the commissioner's office he was able to blurt out a great many useless statistics. A fan doesn't care if there were 738 intentional walks a game or what percent of the batters were intentionally passed. All the fan cares about is seeing a good baseball game. In opposition to Mr. Gallagher's obviously biased opinion I feel the intentional walk should be removed from baseball and the pitcher and batter should face each other on equal terms.

STEPHEN ZUCKERMAN

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

Regarding Mr. Gallagher's statistics on the intentional walks issued in the American and National Leagues in 1969, the problem appears not to be how many were issued, but rather to whom and under what circumstances. Most of the equipment of the game is generated by scoring or the threat of scoring. In a critical situation the intentional passing of a .200 hitter in order to face the pitcher does not necessarily detract from the game, however, that same intentional walk issued to Frank Howard does indeed detract.

The statistics would be more meaningful if they reflected how many of the 1,946 intentional walks were issued to the top 10 or 15 hitters, leaders in average, RBIs, home runs and slugging percentage.

CARL D. BOND

Lansing, Mich.

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Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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(April 21-May 21)

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Gordon's. It's how the English keep their gin up!



"By Jove, Gordon's® is the dry one, wouldn't you say?" said the man in the bowler.

"Gin-ulinely dry, my good man," answered the Cricketer.

"Matter of fact... every bottle of Gordon's is still based on that original formula!" said the Admiral.

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"Would you re-paint a Gainsborough?"

(All of England, America, the rest of the world has agreed for over 200 years that Mr. Gordon's wonderful discovery in 1769 is responsible for more Gin-ulinely delicious drinks than any other.)

Gordon's Sour

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin.
Juice of ½ lemon.
½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Shake well in shaker half filled with cracked ice. Strain into Sour glass. Add dash of soda water. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.



Gordon's Collins

1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin
Juice of ½ lemon. Pour into highball glass with ice cubes. Fill with soda water. Add a little powdered sugar. Stir, decorate with orange slice.



Gordon's Dry Martini

4 or more parts
Gordon's Dry Gin.
1 part Dry Vermouth. Stir well in pitcher half filled with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or serve on rocks. Optional: add olive or twist of lemon peel.



Gordon's Old Fashioned

Muddle ½ lump sugar in dash of bitters. Add 1½ oz. Gordon's Dry Gin over ice cubes. Add splash of soda water. Serve in Old Fashioned glass. Decorate with orange slice.



Gordon's & Tonic

1½ oz.
Gordon's Dry Gin. Pour into highball glass with ice cubes and fill with tonic water. Add slice of lemon or lime.



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hot taste?

COME ALL THE WAY UP TO KOOL

